

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

SLEEP here in peace !  
 To earth's kind bosom do we tearful take thee ;  
 No mortal sound again from rest shall wake thee ;

No fever-thirst, no grief that needs assuaging,  
 No tempest-burst, above thy head loud-raging.  
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning  
 shining,  
 No more the glory of the day's declining ;  
 No more the night that stoops serene above  
 thee,  
 Watching thy rest, like tender eyes that love  
 thee.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 Unknown to thee the spring will come with  
 blessing,  
 The turf above thee in soft verdure dressing ;  
 Unknown will come the autumn rich and mel-  
 low,  
 Sprinkling thy couch with foliage golden-  
 yellow.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 This is earth's rest for all her broken-hearted,  
 Where she has garnered up our dear departed ;  
 The prattling babe, the wife, the old man  
 hoary,  
 The tired of human life, the crowned with  
 glory.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 This is the gate for thee to walks immortal ;  
 This is the entrance to the pearly portal ;  
 The pathway trod by saints and sages olden,  
 Whose feet now walk Jerusalem the golden !  
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 For not on earth shall be man's rest eternal,  
 Faith's morn shall come ! Each setting sun  
 diurnal,  
 Each human sleeping, and each human waking,  
 Hastens the day that shall on earth be break-  
 ing.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 Faith's morn shall come when he, our Lord  
 and Maker,  
 Shall claim his own that slumber in God's-  
 acre ;  
 When he who once for man Death's anguish  
 tasted  
 Shall show Death's gloomy realm despoiled  
 and wasted.

Sleep here in peace !

Transcript.

J. E. RANKIN.

## QUESTION.

BLOSSOMS were on the apple-trees ;  
 The birds were humming in the air ;  
 Nature concerted harmonies  
 To rob the world of care ;  
 Down by the meadow stream, we two  
 Saw the white clouds their shadow cast  
 Along the distant mountains blue,  
 And dream-like as the past.

We two ! Ah, that was years ago ;  
 We thought the two would pass away,  
 And that but one the years would show ;  
 We thought the gods would play  
 Wild songs of melody divine,  
 To make the future bright and fair ;  
 And that the sun of joy would shine  
 All times and everywhere.

Just as a million souls have thought !  
 There came a day when tears were shed ;  
 And one the world's mad struggle sought,  
 And one pined to the dead ;  
 He longed for fame, that kept in sight  
 Yet ever seemed to miss his grasp ;  
 And she lost all life's hope and light,  
 Striving his hand to clasp.

Well, it was years ago, I said ;  
 The stream is there ; the blossoms flush  
 The trees with glory ; she is dead.  
 The bees — they do not hush  
 Their humming as they seek the sweet ;  
 I wonder, though, if we two may,  
 As one, in heaven's home love and meet,  
 And find a perfect day.

Transcript.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

## PRAYER.

PRAYER is the world-plant's purpose, the  
 bright flower,  
 The ultimate meaning of the stem and leaves ;  
 The spire of the church ; and it receives  
 Such lightning calm as comforts, not ag-  
 grieves,  
 And with it brings the fructifying shower.

Prayer is the hand that catcheth hold on  
 peace :  
 The living heart of good and nobleness,  
 Whose pulses are the measure of the stress  
 Wherewith He us doth — we do him — pos-  
 sess ;  
 When these do fail, our very lives decrease.

Who uses prayer, a friend shall never miss ;  
 If he should slip, a timely staff and kind  
 Placed in his grasp by hands unseen shall find ;  
 Sometimes upon his forehead a soft kiss ;  
 And arms cast round him gently from be-  
 hind.

Transcript.

H. P. C.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE HOUSE OF FORTESCUE.\*

THOSE who were so fortunate as to see the very remarkable collection of portraits gathered from the principal country houses of Devonshire and Cornwall, and exhibited at Exeter during the visit of the Archaeological Institute to that city in 1873, will hardly have forgotten the earliest picture in the assemblage—the portrait of Henry VI.'s chief justice and chancellor, sent from Castle Hill by his representative and descendant the present Earl Fortescue. The portrait, which seems to have formed one of the wings of an altar-piece, of which Sir John Fortescue may have been the *donatore*, represents him with his hands clasped in prayer. The face is closely shaven, and the hair, cut short in front, falls from under a plain black cap. The face, grave and pleasant, is not that of the old judge who died at the age of ninety, but shows us the laudator of the *leges Angliæ* in his younger days, long before he fought at Towton, or passed across the sea to share the exile of Queen Margaret and her son. The picture was possibly designed by some artist of the school of Mabuse, after an earlier portrait; but however this may be, it remains the only authentic representation of a great man—not the least among those “worthies” of whom Devonshire is so justly proud—and it is impossible to regard it with other than the highest interest. Sir John Fortescue was not the first of his race to distinguish himself, but he is the first whose distinction is still recognized among us—one of the earliest to set forth, in anything like an abstract treatise, the excellence of English law and constitution; quite the first, unless we choose to regard in the same light the “*Tractatus de Legibus*” of Randolph Glanville, the justiciar of Henry II.; † and the

treatise which he composed for the instruction of the young prince who was killed in the fight at Tewksbury may still be read with pleasure and profit. Since his time, the family to which he belonged has thrown out various branches and offshoots from the parent stem; and few of the more ancient houses of this country can prove a more undoubted descent, or can point to a greater number of illustrious sons distinguished alike in camp and in court, than this

long-lined race of honored Fortescue.

Its greatest honors (if accession to the ranks of the peerage is thus to be regarded) have been attained in comparatively recent times. The English barony dates from 1746, and the earldom from 1789. In Ireland, the barony, viscounty, and earldom of Clermont were first held by a Fortescue in 1770, and, the titles having become extinct, the barony was revived in 1852, in favor of the present Lord Clermont. But from the time, not long after the Conquest, when we first find them settled in the South Hams of Devon, to the present day, there has hardly been a stirring period in the history of this country during which a Fortescue has not come to the front. It was not, at first, one of the greater or more wealthy houses of England; but “land and beeves” speedily came to the various branches, especially to that which migrated, as the result of a marriage with a great heiress, to the north of Devonshire; and, whatever we may think of the Hastings story, the “posy” of the race, as old Westcote calls it, expresses what is certainly true with regard to such Norman families as that of the Fortescues during the earlier days of their settlement in the west. “*Fortē scutum salus ducum.*” The gradual approach of Normans and English after the Conquest was materially influenced, and the final blending of the races was no doubt hastened, by the spreading through the country of these smaller landowners. They were brought into sharper and closer contact with the English than the greater lords, who were seldom for any length of

\* 1. *The Works of Sir John Fortescue, Knight, Chief Justice of England and Lord Chancellor to King Henry the Sixth.* Now first collected and arranged by THOMAS (FORTESCUE) LORD CLERMONT. London: Printed for Private Distribution. 1869.

2. *A History of the Family of Fortescue, in all its Branches.* By THOMAS (FORTESCUE) LORD CLERMONT. London: Printed for Private Distribution. 1869.

† Glanville's treatise is, however, of a very different aim and character; nor can the famous “*Dialogus de*

*Scaccario*” of Richard Fitz-Nigel be compared, in any fair sense, with Fortescue's book.

time in one place. They more speedily adopted old English feelings and sympathies; and the great leaders were indebted to them for much of their best strength during the struggles and the trials which ended in renewing the England of former days, and in welding into one strong-hearted people the conquerors and the conquered.

There are few more interesting books than those which, like the "Lives of the Lindsays" or the delightful "Memorie of the Somervilles" edited by Sir Walter Scott, deal with the history of a single family so far as it can be traced, and enable us to follow (as is almost always possible) the common character and tendencies which, displaying themselves in different fashions and in various proportions, descend through all the generations from the founder—the "Sholto Douglas" who first emerges from the dark—to the many-acred peer or commoner of the present day. There exists, we believe—its whereabouts we do not care to disclose—the pictorial record of a Kentish family, in which, passing from sire to son, its members are represented "in their habits as they lived," taking part in the various events of the centuries to which their respective fates had conducted them. The series begins with the opposition of a valiant chief to the landing of Cæsar—for we are to suppose that the race thus recorded was one to which Derings and Colepepers are of yesterday. But from beginning to end, whether the costume be a "painted vest" won from some "naked Pict," the chain-mail of the crusaders, the ruff and trunk hose of Elizabeth, the flowing periwig and ribbons of the Pepysian era, or the well-powdered Ramillies of the Georgian, the same remarkable nose, and the same countenance of bland, well-satisfied stupidity, distinguish the long procession. On such very marked characteristics as these, whether corporeal or mental, we do not mean to insist, but we do maintain that the general turn and temperament of an ancient house are often, when we have the means of tracing them, not less clearly evident than the likeness which may run through the family portraits in the great gallery. In the beauti-

ful volumes which Lord Clermont has privately printed we have the records of one of the most ancient and honorable houses in England; and we believe that we may trace the same type of character, and that a very high and noble one, showing itself with more or less distinctness, in nearly all its more prominent members. Lord Clermont's memorials of the Fortescues are contained in two very handsome folios, and are enriched with illustrations of all kinds—heraldic and topographical; engravings from authentic portraits, examples of handwriting, and facsimiles of ancient manuscripts. The first volume contains a most careful life of the lord chief justice, whom we regard as displaying the most pronounced type of the family character, together with a complete edition (with English translation) of his works, the "*De Naturâ Legis Naturæ*," the "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," the "*De Dominio Regali et Politico*," and some smaller treatises. In the second volume the history of the family is traced through all its branches, and everything that could be recovered concerning the lives of the more distinguished Fortescues has been collected and preserved. The cost of preparing and of printing two such volumes must have been considerable. The labor was no doubt one of love; yet the mere arrangement of materials so extensive; and gathered from so many quarters, cannot but have taken much time and care, and the power of producing from them a narrative so pleasant and so readable is not given to every writer of family history. The book has not been published; but, with great liberality, copies have been sent to the chief public libraries of the country, so that the valuable results of Lord Clermont's labors are accessible to others besides members of the family, who must necessarily regard them with more interest than the rest of the world.

When we first get clear sight of the Fortescues we find them settled at Wimondeston or Wimpstone, in the parish of Modbury, in South Devon. This is late in the twelfth century; and there exists, or did exist, a confirmation of Wimpstone by King John to a Sir John Fortescue, who, during the troubles of that reign had



been active on the side of the king. At what time the first Fortescue appeared in Devonshire is uncertain. The Domesday Survey gives us no help, and the family tradition, which Lord Clermont pronounces "venerable and almost uniform," can only be taken for what it is worth. This asserts that a certain Richard le Fort, Duke William's cupbearer, fought by the side of his master at Senlac (Hastings), and after the duke had three horses killed under him, protected him with his shield, and thus saved his life. He was thenceforward known as Richard le Fortescu, or "strong shield." \* It is true that a Richard le Fort or Forz appears in certain copies of the Battle Abbey Roll, but this tells us little. The tradition adds that this first Fort-escu returned to Normandy, whilst his son, Sir Adam, remained in England, received a grant of Wimpstone, and become founder of the English family. However the truth may be, we have here at any rate a curious and early instance of the continuance of a "by-name" as that of a family. It is found on either side of the Channel. Wimpstone became the cradle of a numerous race. There were Fortescues of Preston, of Spindleston, of Wood, and of Fallapit, all which places lie near together in that part of Devonshire between the Dart and the Yealm; and in Lord Clermont's words, "that retired region must have been almost peopled by families of Fortescues, held together both by neighborhood and frequent intermarriages." In the same manner the Fortescues of Normandy were clustered in a corner of the Côtentin—the cradle of so many Anglo-Norman families—a region of apple-orchards, steep hills, and winding valleys, much like that in which their English cousins increased and prospered. One branch became Seigneurs of St. Evremond—a noticeable name; and another was of St. Marie du Mont. None of their older possessions in South Devon remain to the Fortescues, and

Wimpstone, with the rest of their houses (except Fallapit), has sunk into farms deep set in orchards, showing only by an occasional carved portal or moulded chimney that they have fallen from a higher estate. But in England the old seats were abandoned in order that the family might flourish elsewhere. In Normandy, although the race still exists, and is recognized as "*d'une vieille et bonne noblesse*," it has sunk into poverty, and retains but few records of its former importance. It is remarkable that the shield of arms borne by these Norman Fortescues, although not exactly the same as that of the English house, has so much resemblance to it that it is difficult to suppose but that one must have affected the other.\*

Wimpstone itself can never have been a large estate, and the house, at its best, was but small. The life, indeed, in these lesser manor-houses must always have been poor and rough, and the joys of the chase, to which the country lent itself, must have been greatly checked in those early days by the operation of the forest laws. The first Fortescues of Wimpstone can hardly have "roused the red deer from his lair" with half the freedom and delight that their successors enjoyed in more recent times, when "riding to hounds" over the same pleasant hills and uplands. But at the beginning of the fifteenth century, William Fortescue, of Wimpstone, is reported as master of broad lands in various parts of South Devon; and after his death occurs the first offset from the main trunk. His eldest son continued to represent the race at Wimpstone; his second, Sir John, became, through his sons, the founder of at least three distinct houses. He is generally known in the family records as Sir John of Meaux, of which strong place, the capital of the province of La Brie, he was

\* It is true that William, at different stages of the battle, had three horses killed under him. The authorities are William of Poitou and William of Malmesbury (quoted by Freeman, "*Norm. Conq.*," iii. 485); but there is nowhere any record of such an action as that attributed to the "Fort-escu."

\* The shield of the English Fortescues is azure, a bend engrailed, argent, between two bendlets, or. That of the Norman Fortescues varies. Guillaume Fortescu, killed at Agincourt, bore argent 3 bends azure. Fortescu, Seigneur de Corainville, has the bends gules. The Sieur de Tailly has the field azure, like that of the English Fortescues, with the bends argent, and Tristain Fortescu of Mesnil-Angot, has the field argent with a single bend azure, thus coming nearest to the English coat.

made captain after it was taken by the English in 1422. Sir John, according to Westcote, was "a worthy and fortunate commander under that terror of France and Mirror of Martialists, Henry V." He fought at Agincourt, where his third son, then a mere youth, was present with him; and where also fought and fell, of course in the French ranks, one of his Norman cousins, Guillaume Fortescue, lord of St. Evremond. Sir John married Eleanor, daughter and heiress of William Norreis of Norreis—a house in the valley of the Avon, at no great distance from Wimpstone. Here, as it seems most probable, their three sons were born, the second of whom was the famous chief justice and chancellor. With the recollection of his life and of his writings full upon us, it is hardly possible to look without much interest on even the comparatively modern walls and roofs of the farm which now represents the ancient dwellings. But the site is the same. The low, green hills sheltered the old house as they shelter its successor; and the river sparkles onward as freshly as when the future lawyer caught (as we take it for granted he did catch) his first trout among its "stickles."

Sir Henry Fortescue, eldest son of the captain of Meaux, became chief justice of Ireland; where, if Fuller is to be trusted, he was "justly of great esteem for his many virtues, especially "for his sincerity in so tempting a place." He seems to have brought back with him into Devonshire a number of Irish retainers; for a bill filed in Chancery in 1431, at the suit of Richard Sackville, complains that "Herry Fortescue, late justice of Iland," wrongfully dispossessed Sackville and his wife of "land and houssing" at Nethercombe (now Combe in the parish of Holbeton), coming to the house with "grete people of Irysshemen and others in the manore of werre arraied," where Sackville, "hys wyfe, here moder and here children beyng in thair bedde, he brake thair dores and cofres, with horrible gounaunce (?) crynging and shotte," frightened the women out of their wits, and carried off Sackville himself prisoner to Exeter. The whole gives us a curious picture of the lawlessness of the times, and indicates that the justice's many virtues were not inconsistent with an occasional recourse to the strong hand; a result, perhaps, of Irish experiences. The life of his second brother, the English chief justice and chancellor, must be dwelt upon at somewhat greater length.

Sir John Fortescue was born at Norreis

about 1394. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1430 he was made sergeant; and soon afterwards married Isabella Jamyss, of Norton St. Philips in Somersetshire, where the Fortescue arms may still be seen on one of the houses in the village. His practice was large, and his knowledge of English law so conspicuous that, without any intermediate steps, he was raised in 1442 to the high place of lord chief justice. He was an ardent Lancastrian; but this did not interfere with his zeal for truth and justice, and Fuller, comparing him with Chief Justice Markham, his immediate successor, says, "These I may call two chief justices of the chief justices, for their signal integrity; for though the one of them favored the house of Lancaster and the other the house of York in their titles to the crown, both of them favored the house of Justice in matters betwixt party and party." In 1461, after the defeat of the Yorkists at St. Alban's, Fortescue, who had nearly reached his seventieth year, passed with King Henry to the north of England, where they joined the queen and her forces; and in spite of his years the chief justice fought bravely in the terrible battle of Towton—one of the most fatal and destructive that has ever been fought on English soil. The Lancastrians never recovered the loss of this battle. Henry, Margaret, and the young prince fled from York to Berwick, and soon afterwards took refuge with the king of Scots at Edinburgh. Fortescue accompanied them; but not before he had again shown his prowess in two lesser encounters with the Yorkists, at Brauncpeth and at Ryton near Newcastle. Two months after Towton he was superseded as chief justice by King Edward. It must have been at this time that Henry VI. made him his chancellor.\* He was with the king and queen in the campaign of Hexham, where the Lancastrians were finally and totally defeated; escaped with Margaret and the prince to the strong fortress of Bamborough, still in the hands of their party; and

\* It has been doubted whether Fortescue was ever chancellor within the realm of England, although it is not questioned that he acted as Henry VI.'s chancellor after the flight from Bamborough. But there was a period, after the battle of St. Alban's, during which Henry was still in England, and in possession of some, though but a small part of his dominions. It is probable that at this time Fortescue was created chancellor; "the very presence," as Lord Clermont remarks, "in Henry's retinue of the venerable and famous Lord Chief Justice of England would in itself naturally suggest such an appointment." It is certain also that Henry had a great seal after his expulsion.

sailed thence with them to Flanders. His name, and the name of "Doctor John Morton," afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, occur in the list of these exiles preserved by William of Worcester. They landed at Sluys, and were hospitably received by the Count of Charolais, but soon passed into Lorraine, of which duchy Margaret's father, René of Anjou, was in possession. He assigned them, as a place of retreat, the little town of St. Mighel in the valley of the Meuse; picturesque with strange cylindrical rocks rising above the narrow gorge of the river. There was a castle, in which the English exiles were lodged, and where, two centuries later, Cardinal de Retz wrote some part of his famous memoirs.

For nearly seven years — from the end of 1464 to the beginning of 1471 — Queen Margaret, surrounded by those of the Lancastrian leaders who had fled with, or afterwards joined her, kept her sad state in the castle of St. Mighel. Her father, King René (we all remember the excellent picture of him in Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geierstein"), could do little beyond finding her a shelter. Supplies from other sources were but slender; and it is not surprising to find Chancellor Fortescue (as he must now be called) writing to the Earl of Ormond — "We buthe all, in grete poverté, but yet the quene susteyneth us in mete and drinke, so as we buthe not in extreme necessite. Here highnesse may do no more to us thanne she dothe." Among the English exiles, besides Doctor Morton, were the Dukes of Somerset and of Exeter, and Sir John Courtenay; the two latter, like Fortescue, closely connected with Devonshire. We can but imagine the weary life in a strange land, the anxious waiting for news, and the devices for passing the time to which all must have been reduced. Now and then an attempt was made to enlist the sympathies of the king of France, or of "Portyn-gale" on behalf of the red rose; and Lord Clermont prints for the first time a letter, imploring aid from the latter, who was grandson of Philippa, daughter of

Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster.

This letter, written in the name of the young Prince Edward, was composed by Fortescue, and is rich in high-sounding Latin phrases, with references, after the fashion of the time, to Babylon and Rome, the Scipios and the Fabii, Hercules, Hector, and Achilles. The last words of the letter are "in the bold but unformed writing of the prince;" and a shorter letter

to the Earl of Ormond is entirely written by him. "Written," it concludes, "at Seynt Mychael in Barr, wt myn awn hand, that ye mey se how gode wrytare I am." Edward was at this time eleven years old. The chancellor must have been seventy-two or three; and the weight of the prince's education fell solely upon him. Fortescue's endeavors were directed towards teaching him the nature of the laws of his country, and fitting him to become king of England. It was for him during the long detention at St. Mighel, that the treatise "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*" was written; and the introduction gives us an interesting picture of the young prince undergoing all the necessary instruction of the *manège*, delighting to back and to rein fierce and unbroken horses, and joining his companions and attendants in the games of mimic war.\* An old knight, we are told (*miles quidam grandævus*), chancellor of his father the king of England, seeing all this, took occasion to insist on the advantages of a knowledge of law as well as of arms. Then follows, in the manner of a conversation between the chancellor and the prince, the treatise to which we must presently return.

As the years went on, the hopes of the Lancastrians grew brighter. The Nevilles rose against King Edward; and Warwick, with his son-in-law the Duke of Clarence, took refuge in France, where they were well received by Lewis. At this juncture Fortescue presented to the French king a memoir, in which he refuted (as he considered), the claim of Edward to the crown of England; and afterwards endeavored to alarm Lewis by telling him of King Edward's declared resolution to invade France in person. Warwick and Clarence were accordingly invited to the French court at Amboise. There Queen Margaret, with the young prince and the chancellor Fortescue, joined them; and after some negotiation it was arranged that Prince Edward should marry Warwick's second daughter, the Lady Anne Neville, "which ladie," says Holinshed, "came with her mother into France;" that Clarence and Warwick should endeavor to restore Henry to the throne; and that Lewis should assist them with money and troops. The mar-

\* "Princeps ille, mox ut factus est adultus, militari se totum contulit discipline, et sepe ferocibus et quasi indomitis insedens caballis, eos calcaribus urgens, quandoque lancea, quandoque mucrone, altis quoque instrumentis bellicis, sodales suos, juvenes sibi servientes bellancium more invadere, ferireque, juxta martis gymnasii rudimenta, delectabatur."

riage accordingly took place, some time in the year 1470. Warwick landed in England unopposed by Edward, who fled to Holland; and (Oct. 6, 1470) King Henry was released from the Tower and replaced on the throne. It was, as we know, a brief triumph. Edward returned. Clarence went over to him with twelve thousand men; and on Easter Sunday (April 14, 1471) the two armies met at Barnet, where the Lancastrians were entirely defeated, and Warwick himself was killed. It was on this same Easter Sunday that Margaret and the prince, attended by Sir John Fortescue, landed at Weymouth after a voyage of three weeks. They knew nothing of the return of Edward, and the sudden news of the fatal battle must have been overwhelming. Fortescue at first advised a return to France. But troops came up from the western counties, where the Lancastrians were still powerful; and they marched without opposition to Tewkesbury, where they encountered the army of King Edward. The result need hardly be told. "There was slain Prince Edward, crying on the Duke of Clarence, his brother-in-law, for help." Queen Margaret, with the Lady Anne, were made prisoners; and among the "men of name who were taken and not slain," is included Sir John Fortescue, who appeared in arms for the last time on this bloody field.

His imprisonment was not a long one. Henry VI. was murdered in the Tower the night before Edward's return from Tewkesbury. The prince was dead; and the house of York had now nothing to fear from the few remaining adherents of that of Lancaster. Fortescue was accordingly released; but ordered, as it would seem, to remain at Ebrington, a manor near Campden in Gloucestershire, of which he had bought the reversion in 1457. On his attainder, Ebrington had been granted to Sir John Brugge, who died in possession of it, shortly before the battle of Tewkesbury. It was then re-granted to Fortescue, and has ever since remained in the family. The first Earl Fortescue was also created (1789) Viscount Ebrington; and that title is accordingly now borne by the eldest son of the house.

The full pardon of Sir John Fortescue was bestowed by the advice of the Yorkist chief justice Billing. But it was only granted on the condition that he should put forth a new treatise to refute that which he had before composed, proving the right of the house of Lancaster to the

throne. This he was compelled to do, using devices at which he must himself have smiled, to explain away his former arguments. For the rest of his life he remained quietly at Ebrington, where he died, as the local tradition asserts, at the age of ninety, leaving, in Lord Campbell's words, "a great and venerable name to his posterity and his country." He was buried in the village church, which closely adjoins the old manor-house, and stands like that on high ground, overlooking a quiet country, broken into low green hills, on the extreme north-eastern border of Gloucestershire. The manor-house, as it now exists, is perhaps of the seventeenth century; but it contains more ancient portions; and let its date be what it may, the figure which fills the "mind's eye" of the wanderer who finds his way to Ebrington is that of the *miles grandævus*, the aged chancellor, whose "good white head," before it found its final resting-place, experienced so great and so sudden changes of fortune. The effigy on his tomb represents him in the scarlet robes, ermine tippet, and coif of a judge. This is to all appearance of his own time or but little later. On the wall above is a tablet with a long Latin inscription, placed there in 1677 by Colonel Robert Fortescue, who was then owner of the property. Within the last few years the whole has been restored and newly painted; perhaps a necessary precaution, although the feeling of grey antiquity is thus somewhat rudely disturbed.\*

The two really important treatises of Fortescue which remain to us are the "*De Naturâ Legis Naturæ*" and the "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," and of these the latter is by far the best. Both seem to have been written for the benefit, present or prospective, of the unfortunate Prince Edward; the former during the chancellor's stay at Edinburgh after Towton; the latter at Saint Mighel. The real object of the former was to set forth the natural rights, as Fortescue considered them, of the house of Lancaster to the throne. That of the latter is much wider and more remarkable. The main object of the writer is to contrast the fundamental principles of the common law of England with those of the civil law, mainly as he found them exemplified in France.

\* There had been an earlier "restoration." Colonel Fortescue of Filleigh bequeaths (1677) "fifty or sixty pounds to be employed by my trustees in the new polishing and adorning the monument in the parish church of Ebrington, of Sir John Fortescue, Knight, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, my worthy and renowned ancestor."



The king of England, he maintains, is a "*rex politice regens*" — a king whose power is not absolute, since he can neither impose taxes nor make laws without the consent of Parliament; and the liberties of the subject, as he goes on to insist, are maintained more completely than in any other kingdom by that trial by jury which in Fortescue's time had been fully developed into its modern form. The historical arguments, throughout the treatise, are curious enough. What is now England, we are told, had never been otherwise ruled than by a constitutional king (*rex politicus*). Under Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans the same rule prevailed. Whatever the race and whoever the kings, the country was always ruled by the same customs — an abiding proof of their excellence. Even the Romans, who imposed their own laws on the rest of the world, recognized the ancient customs of Britain.\* The origin of a *rex politicus*, so far as this country is concerned, is found in Brutus of Troy, whom his followers, when they landed on the shore of Britain, chose for their king, but retained a share of the power in their own hands. As a Devonshire man, Fortescue was not likely to forget that the "landing of Brutus" had long been traditionally fixed at Totness, in his own county, and at no great distance from his birth-place. But Brutus was the recognized *fundator Angliæ* among the lawyers of his time, just as St. Alban is hailed as the *protomartyr Anglorum*; and this strange confusion of races, and mixture of truth with legend, in no way detract from the real value of the treatise. Very interesting notices of the condition of England, of the schools of law then existing in London, and of the manners and society of the age, occur more or less incidentally; and if we are to accept as a faithful picture the description of the classes from whom English juries were made up,† we must believe that the golden age of plenty and of comfort which Mr.

Froude assigns to the earlier years of Henry VIII., had at that time been long established. How far the Wars of the Roses interfered with this true well-being of the people is a question to which Fortescue's book affords no answer. It is probable that they weighed far more heavily on knights and nobles, and on the great landowners, than on the lesser folk of franklins and yeomen.

To Chancellor Fortescue was born but one son, Martin, who died in 1472, before his father, whom however he probably saw restored to Ebrington after his long exile. Martin Fortescue married Elizabeth Denzille, heiress of Filleigh, Weare Giffard, and Buckland-Filleigh, all in North Devon. In that part of the county he became the founder of a new colony of Fortescues; and the house of Castle Hill claims him as its direct ancestor. Little is recorded of him; but he has left one very interesting memorial of himself. He partly rebuilt, and left much in the condition in which we now see it, the manor-house of Weare Giffard, which groups picturesquely with the church and hamlet on the right bank of the Torridge. The house stands low, like many old Devonshire mansions, and the river-meadows eastward lie close under its walls; but the country is so varied with hill and wood, the oaks of all the district are so wide-branched and so venerable, and the whole scene wears so completely the air of that "companionable solitude" which Sidney praises in the "Arcadia," that it is hardly possible to wish it different in any respect from the reality. As was usual with manor-houses of that period, Weare Giffard stood at first within an enclosing wall, fronted by a gate-house. This remains; but the wall itself was destroyed during the troubles of the Civil War, when there was much skirmishing with attacking and defending of houses throughout the neighborhood. The long, low house, with deeply projecting wings and gables, is now open to all the breezes, and the myrtles and evergreens which clothe its walls show how little cause there is, in that sheltered valley, for dreading the attacks of even "winter and rough weather." The hall, still perfect, was built by Martin Fortescue about 1460. Its roof, rich with hammer beams, tracery, cusping, and pendants, is one of the most elaborate and most highly ornamented not only in the county but in England; and over the wide fireplace, which speaks of welcome and of wassail, are the arms of Fortescue, impaling those of Denzille, Weare, and Filleigh. Castle Hill, which represents the Filleigh

\* "Et in omnibus nationum harum et regum eorum temporibus, regnum illud eisdem, quibus jam regitur, consuetudinibus continue regulatum est. Que, si optime non extitissent, aliqui regum illorum iustitia, ratione, vel affectione concitati eas mutassent, aut omnino deleviscent; et maxime Romani, qui legibus suis, quasi totum orbis reliquum iudicabant." (Cap. xvii).

† "Regio enim illa" (Anglia) "ita respersa refertaque est possessoribus terrarum et agrorum, quod in ea villula tam parva reperiri non poterit, in qua non est miles, armiger, vel paterfamilias, qualis ibidem Frankelayn vulgariter nuncupatur, magnis ditatus possessionibus; necnon libere tenentes alii et Valetici plurimi, suis patrimoniis sufficientes ad faciendum juratum in forma prenotata." (Cap. xxix.) England was, he adds, more a pastoral than an agricultural country. The whole chapter is very noticeable.



also acquired by Martin Fortescue, has long been the principal seat of the family; but the house of Weare Giffard remains the truest memorial of the first Fortescue of North Devon.

To this branch we must return. It will first be well to trace the fortunes of the parent house, and of those offsets from it which were established in the South Hams. Wimpstone remained in direct descent from the earliest Fortescue holder until the beginning of the seventeenth century, but had been "totally alienated" when Westcote wrote in 1630. Its owners seem to have been content to lead the lives of quiet country gentlemen, and left the distinction of the family to younger branches. Of these, the Fortescues of Fallapit are by far the most noticeable. They were descended from that Sir Henry Fortescue, eldest son of Sir John of Meaux, brother of the chancellor, and chief justice of Ireland, whose violent attack on Combe has already been noticed. He married the heiress of Fallapit, and when his direct line in 1595 ended in a daughter, she became the wife of a cousin, and thus continued the line of the Fortescues of Fallapit, now a modern house in the neighborhood of Kingsbridge. They were ardent royalists; and the name of Sir Edmund Fortescue, the defender of the last fort in Devonshire which held out for the king, is still remembered in the west. He died before his father, who had been "in trouble" for the same cause, and was imprisoned for some time in the "Clinke" or Winchester House, in London. Edmund Fortescue must have given proof that he was well fitted for the post, when he was appointed by the king, in 1642, high sheriff of Devonshire. In the same year he was made prisoner, with many others of note, at Modbury, where the royalists had fortified themselves in a strong house of the Champenownes, and were attacked by a body of Parliamentary troops from Plymouth. The prisoners were all despatched by sea from Dartmouth; and a contemporary, writing to his "loving friend," one Master Stock, wishes "a faire wind for these great malignants, to bring them to Winchester House or some such place." Thither Sir Edmund was eventually removed; but he was at first sent to Windsor Castle, where, on the wall of a chamber near the Round Tower, some inscriptions have been found which identify it as the place of his detention. There are the words, "Sir Edmund Fortescue, prisoner in this chamber. The 12th day of Annarie (*sic*), 1642. *Pour le Roy C.,*" with

a rude outline of the family arms, the motto, and a second inscription, "Sa. E. F. 1643, 22nd of May." He must have been released soon after this last date; and again joined the royalists in the west, whence "from the army near the rebels in Lostwithiel" he wrote, August 23, 1644, to his friend Colonel Seymour, of Berry Pomeroy. The king was himself at Lostwithiel; and Fortescue, at the request of Seymour, had been pressing for troops to assist in "the redemption of those parts (probably part of Devonshire) from the perjured devils that are now in them." Charles and Lord Hopton denied him, and he continues:—

This made me almost mad, and then having a dish of claret, I heartily chirped your health, and another to the fair lady governess, and then again to the noble governor on top; and after some few rounds, as long as the French spirits lasted, in a merry and undeniable humor I went to Maurice, of whom I had good words and promises, which again was assured me by Wagstaff—one that loves you—and I am confident I shall prevail very speedily for some horse, either Sir Thomas Hele's, or Sir Henry Casey's regiment.

But a few days after this letter was written the king's forces pressed so hard on those of the Earl of Essex that he was forced to embark from Fowey, and so escape to Plymouth. Sir Edmund was no longer needed in Cornwall; and he is next found repairing the fort of Salcombe, which protects the harbor of that name, at no very great distance from Fallapit. For this purpose he had received a commission from Prince Maurice. The fort, which stands on a rock cut off from the mainland at high water, was efficiently repaired, and received the name of Fort Charles. A "true and just particular" of all the "victuallinge" within the place, at the time (Jan. 15, 1645) when Fairfax appeared before it, makes it clear that the "malignants" did not propose to themselves an uncomfortable life within its walls. To say nothing of an ample supply of "hogsheds of beefe and porke," dried whittings, pease, and sides of bacon, there were ten hogsheds of punch, ten tuns of cider, and a butt of sack; besides almonds, lemons, "two cases of bottles full with rare and good strong waters," "twenty pots with sweetmeats, and a great box of all sorts of especially good dry preserves," and "ten rolls of tobacco, being six hundred weight." There was a garrison of sixty-six men, three of whom "ran away." They held out for nearly four months; and on one occasion the leg of the bedstead

on which Fortescue was sleeping was carried away by a shot, so that "he appeared suddenlie among his men in his shirt." Fort Charles was finally surrendered to Colonel Ralph Weldon, on very honorable terms, May 9, 1646. The governor, and all in the fort, had "free liberty to march thence to Fallowpit with there usuall armes, drumes beating and collers flyinge, with bondelars full of powder and muskets apertinable." At the gate-house of Fallapit they "yielded up their arms;" but the great key of the fort was retained by Sir Edmund Fortescue, and long afterwards hung as a trophy in the hall of the mansion. It is still in the possession of his representative. The officers were allowed three months to make their peace with the Parliament or to go beyond seas. Fortescue made the latter choice, and took up his abode at Delft, where he died in the following year. A monument was erected to his memory in the great church at Delft — the same which contains the elaborate memorial of William the Silent and the tomb of Grotius. Lord Clermont gives a facsimile from a very rare print engraved at the Hague shortly before the death of Sir Edmund, which displays his *vera ac viva effigies*. It is a comely, but not very intellectual countenance, with long locks falling on a plain white collar, turned over his armor. The existence of such a print indicates the popularity of Fortescue among his brother cavaliers.

There were others of his family active on the same side; and especially Sir Faithful Fortescue, whose name, from the part which he played in the battle of Edgehill, has received a distinction of somewhat doubtful character. What he did on that occasion is, however, fairly explained by Lord Clermont, whose ancestor he was; and Clarendon, who tells the story, plainly implies (perhaps it was hardly to be expected that he would do otherwise) that Sir Faithful was justified in the course he took. But on this point there will always be a difference of opinion, according as the sympathies of the judge are with the king or with the Parliament. Faithful Fortescue — whose Christian name, an early example of a class which afterwards became frequent, first appears in the family as that of his uncle, born about 1512, and knighted by Elizabeth at Tilbury — was of the Buckland-Filleigh branch, and was educated in the household of his maternal uncle, the first Lord Chichester; one of the many Devonshire men who rose to distinction and to fortune in Ireland, in the latter years of the sixteenth century. A curious

biographical notice of this Lord Chichester, drawn up by his nephew Fortescue, exists, and has been printed at length by Lord Clermont. He was for some years lord deputy of Ireland, and was evidently a man of considerable ability. He was, we are told,

noe very good orator, but had a singular good expression with his pen, sublime and succinkt, according to the subject whereof he wrote and the person to whom. His letters to King James were so acceptable, as he gave him encouragement and command to write often to him; and once, when the king received a letter from him, he gave it to his favorite, Somerset, bidding him learn it without book, saying he had not received such a letter since he was king of England — and the Secretary of State, the Earle Salisbury, and Lords of the Council, would give the lynes high praise.

All "civill becoming sports, games, and recreations" he loved and encouraged; and when first he went into Ireland he carried with him a certain Bartholomew Fortescue, "one of the best wrestlers in those times." (Wrestling, it may be remembered, was then the great "civill sport" of Devonshire and Cornwall; and a pair of Devonshire wrestlers were once sent up from the west in order that they might display their skill in the presence of Henry VIII.) Lord Chichester procured for himself a considerable estate in Ireland; and his nephew Sir Faithful, who was made by him governor of Carrickfergus, was equally fortunate. He obtained from the crown the grant of a large tract of land in the county of Antrim, which the patent "erects into the manor of Fortescue," a designation still surviving, although the lands have passed from the family. Ireland thus became the permanent home of Sir Faithful Fortescue; who sat once or twice in Dublin parliaments, and who, as the times became more and more troubled, was recognized as a "man of honor and experience," whose support and assistance was of no small value. After the fall of Strafford he is especially recommended by the Parliament to the new lord lieutenant, the Earl of Leicester, and was governor of Drogheda when the rebellion suddenly broke out in the north of Ireland in October 1641. His eldest son died during the siege of that place, and his second was killed by the rebels there. Sir Faithful himself went at once to London, to urge the sending of men and supplies to Ireland; and the necessity was strong enough to compel an agreement between Charles and the Parliament — then all but in arms against each other

— to provide troops for that special service. Thus Sir Faithful, still in England, raised and commanded as colonel the third troop of horse engaged for the Irish expedition, for which the officers were chosen by special commissioners in June 1642, the king consenting to sign their commissions. When the royal standard was raised at Nottingham in August of the same year, this troop of horse, together with a company of foot also raised by Fortescue for the same purpose, were draughted into the army of the Parliament, without any regard to the opinions or inclinations of officers or men. The horse had arrived at Bristol, ready to embark. They were now compelled to march towards Worcestershire, and to join the troops of the Earl of Essex, already pressing, by forced marches, on those of Charles; and in this manner Sir Faithful Fortescue, with his newly-raised regiment, found themselves on October 23 in the plain under Edgehill, arrayed in opposition to the king and, it may well have been, to their own sympathies and affections. What followed was the carrying out of a preconcerted arrangement between Fortescue and his men. The fight, as we know, began about three in the afternoon, when the guns of the Parliamentary army opened from their right flank. Prince Rupert, with his cavalry, was stationed on the king's extreme right, high on the ridge of Edgehill, above the little village of Radway. The descent is short but very steep. The royal horse had reached the plain in order, and were advancing against the enemy's left wing, in which Fortescue and his troop had their place, when, in Clarendon's words, "his whole troop advanced from the gross of their horse, and discharging all their pistols on the ground, within little more than carbine shot of his own body, presented himself and his troop to Prince Rupert, and immediately, with his Highness, charged the enemy." The desertion entirely confused the Parliamentarians. Their left wing broke, and fled before Rupert's troopers, and the pursuit lasted across the open fields for nearly three miles, as far as the town of Kineton, where Rupert allowed himself to be detained for an hour in plundering the baggage of Essex's soldiers, which had been left in the streets; a delay which was fatal to the real success of the king's army. Fortescue, it is said, contrived before the beginning of the fight to send his cornet, who seems to have been his own son Thomas, to announce his intention to Prince Rupert. However that may have

been, his action was a surprise to Rupert's officers; and, again to quote Clarendon, his men "had not as good fortune as they deserved; for by the negligence of not throwing away their orange-tawney scarfs, which they all wore as the Earl of Essex's colours, . . . many of them, not fewer than seventeen or eighteen, were suddenly killed by those to whom they had joined themselves."

After Edgehill, Fortescue remained with the army, and was with the king for some time in Oxford. In 1646 he appears again in Ireland. He was afterwards imprisoned by the Parliament in the castles of Carnarvon and Denbigh, but must have been released before 1651, in which year he was with Charles II. in Scotland, and we recognize him among the "strangers that followit and dependit on the king," as recorded in Nichol's "Diary," although his name is there Scotticized into "Sir Faithful Faskie." It is pleasant to find that on the restoration Charles did not forget the old soldier who had been so truly "faithful" to his father. His age was now nearly eighty. If he recovered his estates in the north of Ireland, it was to find them neglected and half ruined; and the governorship of Carrickfergus, which was restored to him, must have been welcome. He remained himself with the court, and was named a gentleman of the privy chamber. When the plague, in 1665, drove from London all who could leave it, Fortescue went to the Isle of Wight, where in May of the following year he died in the manor-house of Bowcombe, about a mile from Carisbrook. He was buried either in Carisbrook church or churchyard. In 1866, a tablet, recording his name and services, was placed by Lord Clermont, "his eldest male representative," in the chancel of the church there.

The Fortescues of Buckland-Filleigh and of Fallapit became united by the marriage, in 1709, of William Fortescue of Buckland and Mary Fortescue of Fallapit, co-heiress of her father. This is the William Fortescue to whom Pope addresses his imitation of the first satire of Horace:—

Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,  
I come to counsel learned in the law:  
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,  
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

Fortescue was at first of the Middle, and afterwards of the Inner Temple. His intimacy and correspondence with Pope had already begun in 1714, and lasted

until the death of the poet in 1744. But it is evident that he lived in the society of the most eminent "wits of the day; and his own vein of humor is preserved to us in his contribution to "Martinus Scriblerus"—the report of the case of "Stradling versus Stiles, or the Pyed Horses"—in which was debated the will of "Sir John Swale, of Swale Hall, in Swale Dale, fast by the river Swale," who left to his much-honored and good friend Mr. Matthew Stradling "all my black and white horses." It appeared that the testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pyed horses. "The debate, therefore, was whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pyed horses by virtue of the said bequest." There was much argument on either side. Finally, "*Le court fuit longement en doubt de c'est matter; et après grand deliberation eu, judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. nisi causa.*" There followed a "motion in arrest of judgment, that the pyed horses were mares; and therefore an inspection was prayed. "*Et sur ceo le court advisare vult.*" William Fortescue, of whom there is a good portrait by Hudson, in his robes of office, and who had the family features strongly marked, became a baron of the exchequer in 1736, was removed to the Common Pleas in 1738, and in 1741 exchanged his seat on the bench for the more agreeable post of master of the rolls. In that office he died in 1749, and was buried in the Rolls Chapel. There is a brief notice of his household in a letter written by Horace Walpole to Mann in 1743: "I am just come tired from a family dinner at the Master of the Rolls; but I will write to you, though my head aches with maiden sisters' healths, forms, and Devonshire, and Norfolk." The wit of the Master (Jervas has the expression "*ridente Fortescuvio*") belonged to an earlier generation than Walpole's, and was, perhaps, hardly appreciated by him; and to the then youthful and fastidious Londoner, Devonshire was a region even more barbarous than his paternal Norfolk. It was certainly never forgotten by the master of the rolls. He spent his vacations at Buckland or at Fallapit. "May all happiness wait on Buckland and Fallapit," writes Pope in one of his letters; and in another he says:—

I have seen your family twice; once at Mr. Jervas's, and last night at home. They are all well, except a little cold which Miss Fortescue has, but was very merry. I hope you have this week seen Buckland with pleasure, and in

a state of improvement; and that you will see Fallapit with the same. Twitnam is very cold these easterly winds; but I presume they do not blow in the happy regions of Devonshire. My garden, however, is in good condition, and promises fruits not too early. I am building a stone obelisk, making two new ovens and stoves, and a hot-house for ananas, of which I hope you will taste this year.

Again we have, in a much earlier letter, written in 1724:—

Gay is at Bath with Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Howard returns your services, and Marblehill waits only for its roof, the rest finished. The little Prince William [this was the future hero of Culloden] wants Miss Fortescue, or to say truth, anybody else that will play with him. You say nothing at what time we may expect you here. I wish it soon, and thought you talked of Michaelmas. I am grieved to tell you that there is one Devonshire man not honest; for my man Robert proves a vile fellow, and I have discarded him. "*Auri sacra fames*" is his crime—a crime common to the greatest and meanest, if anyway in power, or too much in trust. . . . Adieu! God bless you; an ancient and Christian, and therefore an unmodish and unusual salutation.

"Robert" had probably been preferred to Pope's service by Fortescue. The poet's letters are in the hands of the present representative of the master of the rolls, and of the Fortescues of Fallapit. In 1735 we find Pope asking his friend "to send what letters you have been so partial to me as to keep, especially of an early date, before the year 1720." Whether this desire—the nature and object of which are, since the researches of Pope's latest editor, perfectly intelligible—was ever complied with, is uncertain. No letters of Fortescue were found among Pope's papers. Three or four notes of Fortescue to Pope owe their preservation to the fact that their blank sides were used by the latter for rough copies of his "Homer." These are in the British Museum. Lord Clermont prints also a note from Fortescue to Mrs. Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk), accompanying the "History of the Sevarambi," a then fashionable "Utopia," the scene of which was laid in America.\*

The Fortescues spread so much from the original settlement at Wimpstone, and the various branches became at last so

\* "I am, I believe," writes Fortescue, "the only person who thinks it real, . . . and were it not for some few things . . . I should certainly be for taking a voyage thither. Nay, I am so far gone in extravagance, that as this wise people have always persons residing in every country, I hardly see a tall man in an American dress but I take him to be one of them." What was the "American dress" of 1726?



numerous and so widely scattered, that it is impossible to follow them in due historical order, and we must sometimes "return on our steps." Old Sir John of Meaux appears always as the patriarch of the house. From his third son, Richard Fortescue, who fell in the first battle of St. Alban's, descended the Fortescues of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, one of whom, Sir John Fortescue of Salden, upheld not unworthily the great legal reputation which had been gained for the house by the chief justice. Sir Richard Fortescue had two sons, both of whom, in accordance with an occasional but very inconvenient fashion of the time, were called John. The younger Sir John became esquire of the body to Edward IV., and sheriff of Cornwall. He it was who received the submission of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, after his capture of St. Michael's Mount. De Vere, who was fortunate enough to escape with life and limb from the field of Barnet, "gate," says Warkworth, "grete good and rychesse, and afterwards came into weste cowntre, and with a sotule poynte of werre gate and enteryd Seynt Michaels Mount in Cornwayle, a strong place and a mygty, and can not be geett yf it be wele vytaled withe a fewe menne to kepe hit." Nevertheless, after a siege of many months, which Fortescue partly directed, the "saide erle was fayne to yelde up the seyde Mount, and put hyme in the kyngis grace." He was sent as a prisoner to the fortress of Hammes in Picardy, where he remained, until, with the captain of Hammes, and Fortescue himself, who had become governor of Calais, he joined Richmond in Paris. Fortescue then remained with Richmond, landed with him at Milford Haven in August 1485, and fought at Bosworth. He married Alice Boleyn, sister of Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Queen Anne Boleyn. The descendants of their eldest son were of Falkborne in Essex; but this branch disappears entirely after the sale of Falkborne to the ancestor of its present owner, about the year 1637. The second son was Adrian Fortescue, whose story is not without interest, and who is regarded as a martyr not only by the Knights of Malta, to which body he belonged, but by the Church of Rome at large. He married Anne Stonor, who afterwards became heiress of her paternal estate, Stonor, near Henley in Oxfordshire. "The Mansion Place," so Leland described it, "standeth clymbing on an hille, and hathe two courtes builded with timbar, bryke, and flynte." Here Sir

Adrian, who was made a Knight of the Bath on the creation of Henry (VIII.), Prince of Wales, for the most part lived. In 1518 his wife died at Stonor, and was buried first at Pyrton, near Shirburn; then, seven years afterwards, her body was removed to the church of the priory of Bisham in Berkshire, where her ancestors the Nevilles, with the "king-maker" among them, had been laid; and finally, when the priory was dissolved in 1538, Sir Adrian, whose heart was not in the new order of things, again removed the body to the church of Brightwell, not far from Stonor. It is in the arrangements for his wife's burial—accounts of which have fortunately been preserved—that we first recognize the religious zeal of Sir Adrian, and his devotion to the forms and offices of the Church. The first burial, and those that followed, took place by night. The coffin was carried in its "herse" (that is, with its protecting canopy), on a horse-litter, surrounded and followed by a great body of torch-bearers, and attended by no less than six hundred and fifty-six poor persons, each of whom received a penny dole. At each church passed on the way the corpse was met with lighted tapers and chanting of dirges, and at Bisham forty-two priests assisted at the mass. A very stately tomb, made by the "marblars of Corff" (workers of the Purbeck stone) was erected at Bisham. The "costes of the dener at the beryng" are carefully noted; and we learn that "ij befes and ix mot'ons" cost sixty shillings, "xv pygges" seven shillings and a penny, and "iiij calvys" twelve shillings, with wine, ale, bread, "conys" and "capons" in due proportion. The vicar's deputy had an "ambelyng nagge" for the "mortuary," after the "month's mind." The accounts from which these particulars are extracted cover a period of many years, and are unusually curious. We learn, amongst other things, that presents of game sent to distant friends were not then, any more than at present, always the result of the sender's own "sport." "Item, paid for vj woodcokkes sent to Mr. B. with a fatt capon, two shillings and eight pence."

Sir Adrian was actively engaged in the French wars of Henry VIII. He had been present, still young, in the Therouenne and Tournay expedition, and in 1520 he was called upon to attend the queen during the interview of the English and French monarchs on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." This was a perilous honor, since all who appeared on this occasion were expected to display great



splendor, and many, in Shakespeare's words,

brake their backs  
With laying manors on them.

Sir Adrian is directed "not only to put yourself in arreadiness with the number of ten tall personages well and conveniently apparelled for this purpose to pass with you over the sea, but also in such wise to appoint yourself in apparel as to your degree, the honor of us and this our realm appertaineth." He had afterwards, in 1528, to find another "company of ten persons, footmen, archers, and others," to join Lord Sandys in the march of Calais. But a warlike and bustling life seems hardly to have suited him so well as the quiet of his houses at Shirburn and Stonor, with his books about him, and leisure for study. He copied with his own hand the treatise of the chancellor, his great-uncle, "On Absolute and Limited Monarchy;" adding at the end of the volume a curious collection of proverbs and moral sentences. And a still more curious relic of him is described in Nichol's "History of Leicestershire." On the back of the title-page of a Sarum missal he copies "An order and form of bydding of bedys by the Kings Commandment. A. Domini 1539." But the words in which the king is recognized as "supreme hede immediately under God of the sprualtie and teporalitie of the Church of England," are dashed through with the pen. When this was done Sir Adrian Fortescue had for some time (since 1532) been enrolled among the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, a society famous for its attachment to the Holy See, and especially bound to assist in extirpating heresy in all its shapes. In 1534 the order was abolished in England by act of Parliament. This was the year when Henry broke openly with Rome, and we find Sir Adrian, suspected no doubt as a Knight of St. John, committed for some time "to the Knight-Marshall's ward at Woodstock," apparently on his refusal or hesitation to acknowledge the king as supreme head of the Church. He was released under the general pardon late in the autumn of the same year; but his troubles on the score of religion were not over. He was attainted in the spring of 1539, on what ground is not certain, but there is no evidence that he was in any way concerned in "endeavoring to raise rebellion," the accusation which Burnet brings against him. There can be little real doubt that his crime consisted in a steady refusal to admit the king's spiritual

supremacy; and he must thus be included in the list of sufferers, among whom More and Fisher hold the chief places of honor. Hall has the following brief notice in his chronicle: "Sir Adrian Foskew and Sir Thomas Dingley, Knight of St. John's, were, the tenth day of July, beheaded." The day of his execution (but fixed by them on the 8th of July) is still observed by the Knights of St. John at Malta. There are two pictures of him in the great church at Valetta; and a third, which has more the appearance of a portrait, in the Collegio de San Paolo at Rabato, near Citta Vecchia in the same island. The two first are by the Cavalier Mattias Preti, called *il Calabrese*, who lived at Malta between 1670 and 1699. Lord Clermont gives plates of both, engraved after careful copies. They are compositions rather than representations after the life, and the head in both is far too youthful and too Italianized to be a portrait. In the best, which is on canvas, Sir Adrian kneels at a sort of altar, whilst a heavenly light is diffused over the figure from above, and at the side a boy angel holds the palm of martyrdom. The picture at Rabato is said to be (in its upper part) an exact copy of a much earlier one at Madrid, and has much more the appearance of a possible likeness. The fine head is surrounded by a halo of sanctity. The hands are bound in front with a cord, the left hand holding a cross. A short sword or executioner's knife is placed under the chin, as though severing the head, and the blood falls over the cloak, on which appears the white cross of the Knights of St. John.

Sir Adrian Fortescue married, secondly, a daughter of Sir William Rede. Their eldest son, John, was six years old when his father was beheaded. In 1552 he was "restored in blood" by act of Parliament, so as to remove the effects of the attainder. His mother, as the widow of a martyr, had been much honored by Queen Mary; and John Fortescue, possibly assisted by his own relation to her through the Boleyns, was soon after his "restoration," chosen to be preceptor to the princess Elizabeth. He was much trusted and consulted by her, and immediately on her accession to the throne Fortescue was named master or keeper of the great wardrobe. This was an office of dignity and antiquity. The residence belonging to it was in the Blackfriars, and the "Great Wardrobe" served as a depository for records, as well as for (in Fuller's words) "the ancient clothes of our English kings which they wore on great festivals." He

still, and for some time afterwards, continued to direct the queen's studies; and was thus, as Lloyd quaintly remarks in his "State Worthies," "the one whom she trusted with the ornaments of her soul and body." It is clear that John Fortescue had none of his father's scruples, and that he accepted the religious changes of the time either from conviction, or from the peculiar intellectual indifference which characterized the age, and of which the queen herself was the great example. His younger brother Anthony was differently constituted. He became a leading conspirator of the Poles in their plot against Elizabeth, and his escape with imprisonment, instead of losing his head, has been generally attributed to Sir John's intercession with his royal mistress. His devotion to her interests was great, and he was always in high favor, but it was not until late in the queen's reign that he rose to great office, and on the death of Sir William Mildmay in 1589, became chancellor of the exchequer. He was at once made a privy counsellor, and two years afterwards was knighted — an honor which at that time was not lightly bestowed or lightly esteemed. As chancellor he was concerned in most public transactions, and there is but one opinion among the writers of his time as to his great patriotism and integrity. He is the "*vir integer*" of Camden; and Lloyd, quoting Camden's words, tells us that Queen Elizabeth declared that "two men outdid her expectations — Fortescue for integrity, and Walsingham for subtlety and officious services." The motto of his house is thus referred to by one Thomas Newton, in 1589: —

Scutum forte tuis cum sis fulcrumque Britanniis,  
Conveniens certe nomen et omen habes.

A few of Sir John Fortescue's letters are preserved. One, addressed to Lord Burghley in 1592, refers to a book which of late years has received considerable attention — the "libel," as Fortescue calls it, printed at Cologne in 1585, by Doctor Nicholas Sandars, and entitled "*De Origine et Progressu Schismatis Anglicani*." Sandars, among other statements, insists that Anne Boleyn was actually the child of Henry VIII., who sent Sir Thomas Boleyn on an embassy to France, and in his absence became the father of Anne. Fortescue refutes this libel by an appeal to dates. The French embassy was despatched in 1520. The king was married to Anne Boleyn in November 1532. "So

that the shameless lying of this libellour is most apparent; for her majesties" (Queen Elizabeth's) "birth was in anno Domini 1533, and then her mother shuld have ben but thirteen yere old at hir byrthe." Fortescue's judgment on matters of more practical importance than this was frequently sought for by Lord Burghley; and the favor of one so well considered at court was not to be disregarded. There is a curious instance of this "consideration" in the Sidney letters. Whyte, the correspondent of Sir Robert Sidney, then in the Low Countries, writes in April 1600: "Sir John Fortescue, understanding that there are two ships laden with spice come from China to Middleburgh, is very desirous to have ten pounds of that ginger they bring. If your lordship please to provide it, I see it will be very well taken."

Shortly before the death of Elizabeth, Fortescue, we are told, "speaking with a dear friend of his own of the weakness of the time, said that his comfort was that he was old and weak as the time itself, being born in the same year with the queen." He looked with some apprehension to the coming of James into England, and to his probable importation of needy Scots; and clearly desired, as Osborne writes in his "Memoirs," that "in regard of the known feud between the nations English and Scotch, the king might be obliged to articles" binding him to certain conditions. This was the aim of Raleigh and Cobham; but in whatever manner Fortescue put forth his opinion he avoided the displeasure under which the others fell, although he was not continued in the office of chancellor of the exchequer. He received, however, other marks of James's favor. The king visited him, first at his house at Hendon, and afterwards at Salden, on the occasion of his joining the queen, Anne of Denmark, who followed him into England after a short delay. They met (June 27, 1603) at Sir George Fermor's seat of Easton Neston, and after dinner rode together to Salden, where they were entertained for several days in great state and splendor. Sir John afterwards took some part in public affairs, and sat in James's first Parliament as member for Middlesex; but his health had for some time been failing, and he died in December 1607. One or two of his speeches in Parliament and elsewhere have been preserved. They abound in classical quotations, after the fashion of the time and beyond it. Fortescue was, however, no ordinary scholar, as might have been expected from his having been appointed to

direct the studies of Elizabeth. He was one of those who assisted Sir Thomas Bodley—for whom, as a Devonshire man, he may be supposed to have had some kindness—with books for his great library at Oxford; and he was accordingly “received with all imaginable respect when he went to visit that library.”

The house of Salden, which Sir John Fortescue built soon after he had acquired the estate, at an early period of his career, was of brick and stone, and a grand example of an Elizabethan mansion. It seems to have displayed, like Burghley or Hatfield, a certain mixture of Italian renaissance with the gables, and mouldings of the native Tudor. There was an alabaster chimney-piece in the gallery chamber, “greatly admired for its curious workmanship;” and the windows were filled with stained glass representing the many quarterings of the Fortescues, and the shields of houses in any way allied to them. It is sad to write of it in the past tense; but Salden is one of the numerous houses of that period which have been completely swept away, leaving nothing but broken ground with a garden terrace or a venerable yew-tree to mark the site of what was once the glory of an entire district. The house stood on a rising ground, overlooking far and wide the rich and wooded country of northern Buckinghamshire. There are some traces of the bowling-green, where it is said that one of the Fortescues was killed by the stroke of a ball; and the field below it is known as the “Beggar’s Mead,” since it was there that the broken meat from the house was every day distributed among the poor. Indeed the hospitality and “large house-keeping” of Sir John Fortescue were well represented by his successors, one, or more, of whom were, it is said, in the habit of giving half-a-crown to every poor person of the parish they encountered. Principles of political economy were ill understood in those days, and the parish, it may be, was not very thickly peopled. The last male descendant of Queen Elizabeth’s Sir John died in 1729. Salden then passed to two distant cousins, the house itself, strangely enough, being allotted half to one share, and half to the other. It was then sold “to a joiner,” and pulled down. In the gallery, according to Brown Willis, who has preserved the inscription under it, hung the portrait of Sir John Fortescue the founder. This has disappeared altogether, and no trace of its fate has been recovered. No copy and no other portrait exist, so far as can be ascer-

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tained; and we are thus left without knowledge of the “*vera effigies*” of one who was certainly not the least distinguished among the “statesmen old” who in “bearded majesty” surrounded the queen of lion port. On his monument in Mursley Church there are kneeling figures of Sir John and his wife Cecily, daughter of Sir Edmund Ashfield of Totenhoe; but these can hardly be portraits. The funeral of Fortescue was directed by William Camden, as Clarencieux king-at-arms, who in his “Annals of Elizabeth,” acknowledges the assistance he had received from “*Joannes Fortescuus, qui mihi hæc scribenti in nonnullis lumen porrexerat*.” The chancel of Mursley has of late been rebuilt; but this monument, and the yet more stately tomb of Sir Francis Fortescue, son and successor of Sir John, have been duly restored and replaced by the care of Lord Clermont.

Of the domestic life of Sir John Fortescue at Salden we know very little beyond the fact that his house was one of extreme hospitality. We have no such an edifying “book of charges” as that of his father, Sir Adrian. But among the “Domestic” State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth is preserved a very curious series, giving us the history of a lively quarrel between Fortescue and his neighbor Lord Grey of Wilton, and illustrating one side, at least, of his country life. Lord Grey was the owner of Whaddon Hall, where Elizabeth had visited him, and was keeper of the adjoining district of Whaddon Chase, which bordered on the lands of Salden, over which Fortescue had obtained a right of free warren. Before this, as it appears, the keepers of the chase had been in the habit of following their game over Salden. Fortescue, “in the Chamber of Presence at Westminster,” complained to Lord Grey that his servants would not recognize the change of right at Salden, but insisted on breaking the new hedges and enclosures. “My lord therewith in a choller said, ‘Tush, a lord in your teeth, I will hunt it and it shall be hunted, spite of all you can do.’” At a second meeting things went on a little more smoothly, and Fortescue, at Lord Grey’s request, promised that “he would not be an ill neighbor to the game.” After his return to Salden, however, Fortescue found that the keepers of the chase kept to their bounds no better than before, to the injury of his own “warren game, partridges, pheasant, hare, and conies.” There were sundry skirmishes; and on one occasion, according to Lord Grey’s

deposition, Fortescue himself, with a company of men carrying bows and staves, came on the keepers who were hunting on the Salden side of the hedge, "bestowed on them divers blows," and then "espying a boy who was with them, and who had before angered him, he did fall to him, and having beaten him well, did command his men to take and hold him, whilst he might cut his points to whip him." The boy and the rest escaped at that time. "So," writes my Lord Grey, "ended this day's *pagen*" (pageant). But the ill blood on either side was not lessened; and the following night, "at twelve of the clocke, I," deposes Fortescue, "being in bed, and in sleepe," one Savage, ranger of the chase, came on the Salden land, "bringing with him fifteen other persons, with bows, forest-bills, and long picked staffs. They having cast off hounds, blowing horns, and making hallooing and loud cry, began their hunting, shogging down to the wood close, where, in the gully between both woods, my servants overtook them." These were Fortescue's men, who had been roused by the noise, and who came prepared for a fray. They were not disappointed. "Many arrows were shot, as well forked-heads as other. Bartelmew Cornish" was wounded "in the thigh with an arrow, and in the head with a forest-bill;" Savage was "stricken down and taken," and four others of Lord Grey's men "were very evil hurt, and one to the death, as since is fallen out." This seems to have brought the affair to a crisis. Many of the rioters were imprisoned, but only for a time, and Lord Grey made a complaint to the Privy Council that although "he had sought redress of so heynous a fact as the killing," he had been ordered by their lordships to let the matter alone; "and to see mine adversary so much favored in an evil cause, and myself, in seeking of justice, so lightly accounted of, besides the wrong doth bring no small grief unto me." Accordingly, he sought "justice" with his own hand. In November 1573 he and Fortescue were both in London. Lord Grey knew that Fortescue would pass under Temple Bar about ten o'clock on a certain morning. He waited for his appearance in "the shop of one Lewes, a crossbow-maker," and disposed his twelve serving-men "divided on every side of the street." After Fortescue had passed, Lord Grey, coming behind with a crab-tree truncheon, "strake me on the head," says the other in his complaint to the Council, "so sore that I was astounded and fell from my horse, saying,

as the standers-by do report, 'You have spoiled me.' Whereunto he answered, 'Nay, villain, I will have my pennyworth of thee; thou shalt not scape so.' " There was a fight. The servants on either side set on each other, and there would have been loss of life "if the rescue of the street had not been." Unfortunately this is the last of the papers. We do not know in what manner Fortescue was avenged, and although we find Lord Grey in the Fleet Prison soon afterwards, it does not appear on what charge he had been placed there. A letter "from the Fleete," addressed by him to Lord Burghley, may possibly refer to this matter. In it he says: "It is not to be doubted but that Fortescue will inform anything for the bettering of his right and obtaining of his will, if words, however strained, may serve the turn." The whole story is curious, since it shows us that a quarrel, arising out of rights of "sporting," was in Elizabeth's days very much the same, "with a difference," as it might be now; and from the picture it affords of such a disturbance as would have been quite in place at that time in the High Street of Edinburgh, but which we should hardly have expected to encounter under the shadow of Temple Bar.

We return to the Irish Fortescues, whose several branches sprang from Sir Faithful, the Cavalier of Edgehill. His grandson, William of Newragh, was the father of Thomas Fortescue, who formed the beautiful domains of Clermont Park and of Ravensdale (both in County Louth), on which are now the principal seats of his representative, the present Lord Clermont. Arthur Young, travelling through Ireland in 1776, describes the situation of Ravensdale as "very romantic, on the side of a mountain, with fine woods hanging on every side, with the lawn beautifully scattered with trees spreading into them, and a pretty river winding through the vale. Beautiful in itself, but trebly so on information that before he fixed there it was all wide waste."

His eldest son, William Henry, became Earl of Clermont,\* and was an original Knight of St. Patrick on the institution of that order in 1783. Lord Clermont gives an engraving from what appears to be a fine portrait of the earl by Hudson, the

\* He was raised to the Irish peerage May 26, 1770, as Baron Clermont. In 1776 he was created Viscount and Baron Clermont, with (as he had no son) a special remainder to his brother; and in 1777 he became Earl of Clermont. His frequent visits to France probably suggested the name of his title.



master of Sir Joshua. He was, we are told, a first-rate shot, and is appropriately represented carrying a gun and caressing a pointer. He once, we are told, "for a wager killed in one day in Doneweale Wood, on Lord Farnham's estate in Carvan, fifty brace of woodcocks, shooting with a single-barrelled and of course 'flint' gun. Having missed every shot before breakfast, from the excessive kicking of the gun, he then, by the advice of the late Earl of Enniskillen, who was present, padded his coat-sleeve, and in a few hours killed his hundred birds." This is the Lord Clermont of whom Sir Nathaniel Wraxall gives an amusing sketch in his "Memoirs," and of whom he says that he had never "known a man more fitted for a companion of kings and queens." It is true that "nature had formed his person in an elegant mould," but Sir Nathaniel's ideal of a royal companion would hardly perhaps be accepted at present.

Such [he says] was Lord Clermont's passion for the turf, that when menaced by his father to be disinherited if he did not quit Newmarket, he refused, preferring rather to incur the severest attacks of paternal indignation than to renounce his favorite amusement. His understanding was of the common order; but though his whole life had been passed in the sports of the field or among jockeys, yet he wanted not refinement; and he used to shelter himself under Horace's "*sunt quos curriculum pulverem Olympicum*," when justifying his ardor for races.

At his house in Berkeley Square the Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor. Lord Clermont lived much with Charles Fox; and, says Wraxall, "I well remember an extraordinary bet which he made with Fox and Lord Foley, for a hundred guineas; namely, that he would find a heifer which should eat twenty stone of turnips in twenty-four hours. He won the wager." Of his wife, Frances, daughter of General Murray, of Monaghan, there is a beautiful portrait by Reynolds. She, too, is duly noticed in the pages of Wraxall; and was, as he tells us, an enthusiastic defender of the French queen Marie Antoinette, at whose court she was a great favorite.

The earldom became extinct on the death of this first Lord Clermont in 1806. The viscounty descended to his nephew, son of his younger brother, who had inherited Ravensdale Park. This nephew died unmarried in 1829, leaving by will his estates in the first place to his only

nephew, Sir Harry Goodricke, of Ribston in Yorkshire, with remainder to the heirs issue of Colonel Fortescue, of Dromiskin, who represented the elder line in descent from Sir Faithful of the Civil Wars. Sir Harry Goodricke, well known in the sporting circles of his day, died unmarried in 1833; and the estates then passed to Thomas, son of Colonel Fortescue, of Dromiskin. In 1852 a revival was made in his favor of the barony of Clermont, with remainder to his only brother. It is to Lord Clermont that we are indebted for the exhaustive history of the Fortescues which we have been considering in the present article. How earnestly the true interests of Ireland — agricultural, educational, political — have been supported and advanced by him and by his younger brother, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, created Lord Carlingford in 1847, this is hardly the place to set forth; but the pages which at some future time a competent hand will be called on to append to Lord Clermont's volume, will not be the least interesting or important within its covers. We should add that in 1866 Lord Clermont was created a peer of Great Britain.

Another Irish peerage was created in 1746, in favor of John Fortescue, descended from a younger son of Fortescue of Filleigh — now Castle Hill. He was a distinguished lawyer, and became a judge successively in the Courts of Exchequer, King's Bench, and Common Pleas. "In consideration of his merits and services" he was created a peer of Ireland, with the title of Baron Fortescue of Credan, the name of a headland on the eastern shore of Waterford harbor, which formed part of his wife's estate. She was the eldest daughter, and eventually the heiress, of Henry Aland, of Waterford. This Lord Fortescue was, for his time, a good Saxon scholar, and held in great regard the works of his famous ancestor, the chancellor. He was distinguished by a very prominent and remarkable nose — a feature which in all the Fortescue portraits is decidedly pronounced. In the case of Lord Fortescue of Credan it is said to have resembled the trunk of an elephant. On one occasion he remarked from the bench to the counsel who was pleading, "Brother, you are handling this case in a very lame manner." "Oh no, my lord," was the reply; "have patience with me, and I will make it as plain as the nose in your lordship's face." The barony descended to his only son, who never married. The Irish estates passed to Lord Fortescue of



Castle Hill, whose descendant still holds them.

The Fortescues of Castle Hill represent, as we have said, John, the eldest son of Martin Fortescue, heir and only son of Henry VI.'s chancellor. Martin, with the heiress of Denzille, acquired the estates of Weare Giffard and Filleigh — now Castle Hill. He died before the chancellor; and his son John succeeded not only to his mother's estates, but to those of his grandfather, Ebrington, in Gloucestershire, and Combe, in South Devon. The earlier Fortescues of this descent lived much at Weare Giffard, and there is an elaborate monument in the church there in which two generations are represented, the last date being 1637. But there had always been a residence at Filleigh (not the same place, it must be remembered, as Buckland-Filleigh, the home of William Fortescue, often mentioned in Pope's letters); and there was born, about 1717, Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, who married in 1742 the first Lord Lyttleton, distinguished, in Lord Clermont's words, "as an historian, poet, statesman, and Christian philosopher." The wedded happiness of Lord and Lady Lyttleton became almost proverbial; but it was as brief as it was unusual. She died in 1746, and was celebrated by her husband in a "Monody," which was once better known than at present. The inscriptions, in Latin and English, on her monument in Hagley Church, were also written by Lord Lyttleton.

In favor of Hugh Fortescue, brother of this Lady Lyttleton, the barony of Clinton was called out of the abeyance in which it had fallen in 1692. This was in right of his mother. Lord Clinton was much about the court of George I.; and George II., in 1746, created him Baron Fortescue of Castle Hill, and Earl Clinton. It was this Lord Clinton who changed the name of the old house from Filleigh to Castle Hill, and almost rebuilt it. At his death the earldom of Clinton became extinct. The Clinton barony passed to his sister Margaret, and afterwards quite away from the Fortescues. Hugh, third Baron Fortescue, was, in 1789, created Viscount Ebrington of Ebrington, and Earl Fortescue. He died at Castle Hill in 1841, "at the venerable age of eighty-eight years, during fifty-five of which he had been a member of the House of Lords."

Of his son, the second earl, more must be said. Throughout his long career (he came into public life very early in the present century, and died in 1861) he was an eminently consistent politician, and did

excellent service to the party which he followed as much from personal conviction as from hereditary principle. He was especially active and influential during the great Reform agitation. In September 1831, Macaulay, writing to his sister, observes that "he had been moving heaven and earth to render it certain that if our ministers are so foolish as to resign in the event of a defeat in the Lords, the Commons may be firm and united." "I think," he continues, "that I have arranged a plan which will secure a bold and instant declaration on our part if necessary. Lord Ebrington is the man whom I have in my eye as our leader. I have had much conversation with him, and with several of our leading county members. They are all staunch; and I will answer for this — that if the ministers should throw us over, we will be ready to defend ourselves." \* Lord Ebrington was at this time member for Tavistock, which he had represented since 1820; and this mention of him by Macaulay is sufficient proof of the high estimation in which he was held by his friends, and of their perfect confidence in him. It was indeed on a motion of Lord Ebrington's that the House of Commons passed the vote of confidence in Lord Grey's government after it had resigned, which caused their immediate resumption of office to carry the Reform Bill. Firm, severely honorable, consistent, kindly — there have been few nobler and yet more unpretentious characters than that of the late Earl Fortescue. After the passing of the Reform Bill he sat as member for North Devon until 1839, when (as yet Lord Ebrington) he was called to the Upper House in his father's barony of Fortescue in order that he might go to Ireland as lord lieutenant. He remained there until Sir Robert Peel's accession to power in 1841, and in the same year succeeded his father in the earldom. He was already lord lieutenant and "vice admiral" of Devon; and his work in his own county as an earnest patron of improvements in agriculture, as a zealous promoter of education, and as a "binder together" of various social classes, had been, and continued to be, of the highest value. He was, it need hardly be said, the recognized leader of the Liberal party in Devonshire. Many important changes are due to him; the most important, perhaps, was made in the conduct of the county business, which had hitherto been managed and discussed by the justices as

\* Life of Lord Macaulay, vol. i., pp. 193-4.

they sat over their wine after dinner. Lord Fortescue carried his motion at quarter sessions for the transaction of all such business in public; and the practice, very soon afterwards, was made by Parliament compulsory in all other counties, after the example of Devonshire. We must not, however, dwell further on a life of which the records speak for themselves, but which could not be passed over here, if only because it illustrates so strongly and decidedly the family character of the Fortescues. A statue, by Stephens, of this second earl has been erected within the Castle Yard at Exeter—a memorial, as the inscription runs, “marking the love of friends, and the respect of all.” “Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,” have, indeed, never been wanting to a family, which through many long ages has always shown itself worthy of the position it has filled.

It would be interesting, had we the means of doing so, to compare Castle Hill, the present “chief place” of the Fortescues in Devonshire, with their cradle at Wimpstone. But we know nothing of the latter house before it sank into a farm; and all that is certain about it is that it was never of any great architectural importance. This indeed can hardly be said of Castle Hill; and judging from a “North Prospect” which Lord Clermont reproduces from an old engraving, the house, before Lord Clinton altered it, had more character, with its steep roof and “lucarnes,” than it possesses now. Its size and extent, however, give it a certain dignity; and it has lost nothing of the character given to it in the days of James I. by Risdon, who declares that “the frankness of the housekeeper there confirmeth the welcome of friends.” The situation, in a broken, wooded country, under the heights of Exmoor, is delightful, and the large park is finely wooded. Evergreens of great size and age flourish in the grounds; and the hall bears witness to the neighborhood of the old royal forest—the only corner of England in which the red deer remain in a perfectly wild state. Many a noble pair of antlers is here preserved, with the date and particulars of the chase duly recorded at the base.

## THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF  
“MALCOLM,” ETC.

## CHAPTER LIX.

## THE PEACEMAKER.

THE heroes of Scaurnose expected a renewal of the attack, and in greater force, the next day, and made their preparations accordingly, strengthening every weak point around the village. They were put in great heart by Malcolm's espousal of their cause, as they considered his punishment of the factor; but most of them set it down in their wisdom as resulting from the popular condemnation of his previous supineness. It did not therefore add greatly to his influence with them. When he would have prevailed upon them to allow Blue Peter to depart, arguing that they had less right to prevent than the factor had to compel him, they once more turned upon him: what right had he to dictate to them? he did not belong to Scaurnose. He reasoned with them that the factor, although he had not justice, had law on his side, and could turn out whom he pleased. They said, “Let him try it!” He told them that they had given great provocation, for he knew that the men they had assaulted came surveying for a harbor, and that they ought at least to make some apology for having maltreated them. It was all useless: that was the women's doing, they said; besides, they did not believe him; and if what he said was true, what was the thing to them, seeing they were all under notice to leave? Malcolm said that perhaps an apology would be accepted. They told him if he did not take himself off they would serve him as he had served the factor. Finding expostulation a failure, therefore, he begged Joseph and Annie to settle themselves again as comfortably as they could, and left them.

Contrary to the expectation of all, however, and considerably to the disappointment of the party of Dubs, Fite Folp and the rest, the next day was as peaceful as if Scaurnose had been a halycon nest floating on the summer waves; and it was soon reported that in consequence of the punishment he had received from Malcolm the factor was far too ill to be troublesome to any but his wife. This was true, but, severe as his chastisement was, it was not severe enough to have had any such consequences but for his late growing habit of drinking whiskey. As it was, fever had followed upon the combination of bodily

and mental suffering. But already it had wrought this good in him, that he was far more keenly aware of the brutality of the offence of which he had been guilty than he would otherwise have been all his life through. To his wife, who first learned the reason of Malcolm's treatment of him from his delirious talk in the night, it did not, circumstances considered, appear an enormity, and her indignation with the avenger of it, whom she had all but hated before, was furious. Malcolm, on his part, was greatly concerned to hear the result of his severity. He refrained, however, from calling to inquire, knowing it would be interpreted as an insult, not accepted as a sign of sympathy. He went to the doctor instead, who, to his consternation, looked very serious at first. But when he learned all about the affair, he changed his view considerably, and condescended to give good hopes of his coming through, even adding that it would lengthen his life by twenty years if it broke him of his habits of whiskey-drinking and rage.

And now Malcolm had a little time of leisure, which he put to the best possible use in strengthening his relations with the fishers. For he had nothing to do about the house except look after Kelpie; and Florimel, as if determined to make him feel that he was less to her than before, much as she used to enjoy seeing him sit his mare, never took him out with her—always Stoot. He resolved therefore, seeing he must yet delay action a while in the hope of the appearance of Lenorme, to go out as in the old days after the herring, both for the sake of splicing, if possible, what strands had been broken between him and the fishers, and of renewing for himself the delights of elemental conflict. With these views he hired himself to the Partan, whose boat's crew was short-handed. And now, night after night, he revelled in the old pleasure, enhanced by so many months of deprivation. Joy itself seemed embodied in the wind blowing on him out of the misty infinite while his boat rocked and swung on the waters, hanging between two worlds—that in which the wind blew, and that other dark-swaying mystery whereinto the nets to which it was tied went away down and down, gathering the harvest of the ocean. It was as if nature called up all her motherhood to greet and embrace her long-absent son. When it came on to blow hard, as it did once and again during those summer nights, instead of making him feel small and weak in the midst of the storming forces, it gave him a glorious sense of power and uncon-

querable life. And when his watch was out, and the boat lay quiet, like a horse tethered and asleep in his clover-field, he too would fall asleep with a sense of simultaneously deepening and vanishing delight such as he had not at all in other conditions experienced. Ever since the poison had got into his system, and crept where it yet lay lurking in hidden corners and crannies, a noise at night would on shore startle him awake, and set his heart beating hard; but no loudest sea-noise ever woke him: the stronger the wind flapped its wings around him, the deeper he slept. When a comrade called him by name he was up at once and wide awake.

It answered also all his hopes in regard to his companions and the fisher-folk generally. Those who had really known him found the same old Malcolm, and those who had doubted him soon began to see that at least he had lost nothing in courage or skill or good-will: ere long he was even a greater favorite than before. On his part, he learned to understand far better the nature of his people, as well as the individual characters of them, for his long (but not too long) absence and return enabled him to regard them with unaccustomed, and therefore in some respects more discriminating, eyes.

Duncan's former dwelling happening to be then occupied by a lonely woman, Malcolm made arrangements with her to take them both in; so that in relation to his grandfather too something very much like the old life returned for a time—with this difference, that Duncan soon began to check himself as often as the name of his hate with its accompanying curse rose to his lips.

The factor continued very ill. He had sunk into a low state, in which his former indulgence was greatly against him. Every night the fever returned, and at length his wife was worn out with watching and waiting upon him.

And every morning Lizzy Findlay without fail called to inquire how Mr. Crathie had spent the night. To the last, while quarrelling with every one of her neighbors with whom he had anything to do, he had continued kind to her, and she was more grateful than one in other trouble than hers could have understood. But she did not know that an element in the origination of his kindness was the belief that it was by Malcolm she had been wronged and forsaken.

Again and again she had offered, in the humblest manner, to ease his wife's burden by sitting with him at night; and at last,

finding she could hold up no longer, Mrs. Crathie consented. But even after a week she found herself still unable to resume the watching, and so, night after night, resting at home during a part of the day, Lizzy sat by the sleeping factor, and when he woke ministered to him like a daughter. Nor did even her mother object, for sickness is a wondrous reconciler. Little did the factor suspect, however, that it was partly for Malcolm's sake she nursed him, anxious to shield the youth from any possible consequences of his righteous vengeance.

While their persecutor lay thus, gradually everything at Scaurnose, and consequently at the Seaton, lapsed into its old way, and the summer of such content as before they had possessed returned to the fishers. I fear it would have proved hard for some of them, had they made effort in that direction, to join in the prayer—if prayer it may be called—put up in church for him every Sunday. What a fearful canopy the prayers that do not get beyond the atmosphere would make if they turned brown with age! Having so lately seen the factor going about like a maniac, raving at this piece of damage and that heap of dirt, the few fishers present could never help smiling when Mr. Cairns prayed for him as “the servant of God and his Church now lying grievously afflicted—persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.” Having found the fitting phrases, he seldom varied them.

Through her sorrow Lizzy had grown tender, as through her shame she had grown wise. That the factor had been much in the wrong only rendered her anxious sympathy the more eager to serve him. Knowing so well what it was to have done wrong, she was pitiful over him, and her ministrations were none the less devoted that she knew exactly how Malcolm thought and felt about him; for the affair having taken place in open village and wide field and in the light of mid-day, and having been reported by eye-witnesses many, was everywhere perfectly known, and Malcolm therefore talked of it freely to his friends—among them both to Lizzy and her mother.

Sickness sometimes works marvellous changes, and the most marvellous on persons who to the ordinary observer seem the least liable to change. Much apparent steadfastness of nature, however, is but sluggishness, and comes from incapacity to generate change or contribute toward personal growth; and it follows that those whose nature is such can as

little prevent or retard any change that has its initiative beyond them. The men who impress the world as the mightiest are those often who *can* the least—never those who can the most in their natural kingdom; generally those whose frontiers lie openest to the inroads of temptation, whose atmosphere is most subject to moody changes and passionate convulsions, who, while perhaps they can whisper laws to a hemisphere, can utter no decree of smallest potency as to how things shall be within themselves. Place Alexander *ille magnus* beside Malcolm's friend Epictetus, *ille servorum servus*—take his crutch from the slave and set the hero upon his Bucephalus, but set them alone and in a desert—which will prove the great man? which the unchangeable? The question being what the man himself shall or shall not be, shall or shall not feel, shall or shall not recognize as of himself and troubling the motions of his being, Alexander will prove a mere earth-bubble, Epictetus a cavern in which pulses the tide of the eternal and infinite Sea.

But then first when the false strength of the self-imagined great man is gone, when the want or the sickness has weakened the self-assertion which is so often mistaken for strength of individuality, when the occupations in which he formerly found a comfortable consciousness of being have lost their interest, his ambitions their glow and his consolations their color, when suffering has wasted away those upper strata of his factitious consciousness, and laid bare the lower, simpler, truer deeps, of which he has never known or has forgotten the existence, then there is a hope of his commencing a new and real life. Powers then, even powers within himself, of which he knew nothing, begin to assert themselves, and the man commonly reported to possess a strong will is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. This factor, this man of business, this despiser of humbug, to whom the scruples of a sensitive conscience were a contempt, would now lie awake in the night and weep. “Ah!” I hear it answered, “but that was the weakness caused by his illness.” True; but what then had become of his strength? And was it all weakness? What if this weakness was itself a sign of returning life, not of advancing death—of the dawn of a new and genuine strength? For he wept because in the visions of his troubled brain he saw once more the cottage of his father the shepherd, with all its store of



lovely nothings round which the nimbus of sanctity had gathered while he thought not of them; wept over the memory of that moment of delight when his mother kissed him for parting with his willow whistle to the sister who cried for it: he cried now in his turn, after five-and-fifty years, for not yet had the little fact done with him, nor yet had the kiss of his mother lost its power on the man; wept over the sale of the pet lamb, though he had himself sold thousands of lambs since; wept over even that bush of dusty miller by the door, like the one he trampled under his horse's feet in the little yard at Scaurnose that horrible day. And oh that nest of wild bees with its combs of honey unspeakable! He used to laugh and sing then: he laughed still sometimes—he could hear how he laughed, and it sounded frightful—but he never sang. Were the tears that honored such childish memories all of weakness? Was it cause of regret that he had not been wicked enough to have become impregnable to such foolish trifles? Unable to mount a horse, unable to give an order, not caring even for his toddy, he was left at the mercy of his fundamentals: his childhood came up and claimed him, and he found the childish things he had put away better than the manly things he had adopted. It is one thing for Saint Paul and another for Mr. Worldly Wiseman to put away childish things. The ways they do it, and the things they substitute, are both so different! And now first to me, whose weakness it is to love life more than manners, and men more than their portraits, the man begins to grow interesting. Picture the dawn of innocence on a dull, whiskey-drinking, commonplace soul, stained by self-indulgence and distorted by injustice! Unspeakingly more interesting and lovely is to me such a dawn than the honeymoon of the most passionate of lovers, except indeed I know them such lovers that their love will outlast all the moons.

"I'm a poor creature, Lizzy," he said, turning his heavy face one midnight toward the girl as she sat half-dozing, ready to start awake.

"God comfort ye, sir!" said the girl.

"He'll take good care of that," returned the factor. "What did I ever do to deserve it? There's that MacPhail, now—to think of him! Didn't I do what man could for him? Didn't I keep him about the place when all the rest were dismissed? Didn't I give him the key of the library, that he might read and improve his mind? And look what comes of it!"

"Ye mean, sir," said Lizzy, quite innocently, "'at that's the w'y ye ha'e dune wi' God, an' sae he winna heed ye?"

The factor had meant nothing in the least like it. He had merely been talking as the imps of suggestion tossed up. His logic was as sick and helpless as himself. So at that he held his peace, stung in his pride at least—perhaps in his conscience too, only he was not prepared to be rebuked by a girl like her, who had—Well, he must let it pass: how much better was he himself?

But Lizzy was loyal: she could not hear him speak so of Malcolm and hold her peace as if she agreed in his condemnation. "Ye'll ken Ma'colm better some day, sir," she said.

"Well, Lizzy," returned the sick man, in a tone that but for feebleness would have been indignant, "I have heard a good deal of the way women *will* stand up for men that have treated them cruelly, but you to stand up for *him* passes!"

"He's the best friend I ever had," said Lizzy.

"Girl! how can you sit there, and tell me so to my face?" cried the factor, his voice strengthened by the righteousness of the reproof it bore. "If it were not the dead of the night—"

"I tell ye naething but the trowth, sir," said Lizzy, as the contingent threat died away. "But ye maun lie still or I maun gang for the mistress. Gien ye be the waur the morn, it'll be a' my wyte, 'cause I cudna bide to hear sic things said o' Ma'colm."

"Do ye mean to tell me," persisted her charge, heedless of her expostulation, "that the fellow who brought you to disgrace, and left you with a child you could ill provide for—and I well know never sent you a penny all the time he was away, whatever he may have done now—is the best friend you ever had?"

"Noo God forgie ye, Maister Crathie, for threipin' sic a thing!" cried Lizzy, rising as if she would leave him. "Ma'colm MacPhail's as clear o' ony sin like mine as my wee bairnie itself."

"Do ye daur tell *me* he's no the father o' that same, lass?"

"No; nor never will be the father o' ony bairn whose mither's no his wife!" said Lizzy, with burning cheeks but resolute voice.

The factor, who had risen on his elbow to look her in the face, fell back in silence, and neither of them spoke for what seemed to the watcher a long time. When she ventured to look at him, he was asleep.



He lay in one of those troubled slumbers into which weakness and exhaustion will sometimes pass very suddenly; and in that slumber he had a dream which he never forgot. He thought he had risen from his grave with an awful sound in his ears, and knew he was wanted at the judgment-seat. But he did not want to go, therefore crept into the porch of the church and hoped to be forgotten. But suddenly an angel appeared with a flaming sword, and drove him out of the churchyard away to Scaurnose, where the Judge was sitting. And as he fled in terror before the angel he fell, and the angel came and stood over him, and his sword flashed torture into his bones, but he could not and dared not rise. At last, summoning all his strength, he looked up at him and cried out, "Sir, hae mercy, for God's sake!" Instantly all the flames drew back into the sword, and the blade dropped, burning like a brand from the hilt, which the angel threw away. And lo! it was Malcolm MacPhail, and he was stooping to raise him. With that he awoke, and there was Lizzy looking down on him anxiously. "What are you looking like that for?" he asked crossly.

She did not like to tell him that she had been alarmed by his dropping asleep, and in her confusion she fell back on the last subject. "There maun be some mistak, Mr. Crathie," she said. "I wuss ye wad tell me what gars ye hate Ma'colm MacPhail as ye du."

The factor, although he seemed to himself to know well enough, was yet a little puzzled how to commence his reply; and therewith a process began that presently turned into something with which never in his life before had his inward parts been acquainted—a sort of self-examination, to wit. He said to himself, partly in the desire to justify his present dislike—he would not call it hate, as Lizzy did—that he used to get on with the lad well enough, and had never taken offence at his freedoms, making no doubt his manner came out of his blood, and he could not help it, being a chip of the old block; but when he ran away with the marquis's boat, and went to the marchioness and told her lies against him, then what could he do but—dislike him?

Arrived at this point, he opened his mouth and gave the substance of what preceded it for answer to Lizzy's question. But she replied at once: "Nobody 'ill gar me believe, sir, 'at Ma'colm MacPhail ever tellt a lee again' you or onybody. I dinna believe he ever tellt a lee in 's life. Jist ye ex'em' him weel anent it, sir. An' for

the boat, nae doobt it was makin' free to tak it; but ye ken, sir, 'at hoo he was maister o' the same. It was in his chairge, an' ye ken little aboot boats yersel' or the sailin' o' them, sir."

"But it was me that engaged him again after all the servants at the House had been dismissed: he was *my* servant."

"That maks the thing luik waur, nae doobt," allowed Lizzy, with something of cunning. "Hoo was 't 'at he cam to du 't ava' (of all at all), sir? Can ye min'?" she pursued.

"I discharged him."

"An' what for, gien I may mak bold to speir, sir?" she went on.

"For insolence."

"Wad ye tell me hoo he answert ye? Dinna think me meddlin', sir: I'm clear certain there's been some mistak. Ye cudna be sae guid to me an' be ill to him, ohn some mistak."

It was consoling to the conscience of the factor, in regard of his behavior to the two women, to hear his own praise for kindness from a woman's lips. He took no offence, therefore, at her persistent questioning, but told her as well and as truly as he could remember, with no more than the all but unavoidable exaggeration with which feeling *will* color fact, the whole passage between Malcolm and himself concerning the sale of Kelpie, and closed with an appeal to the judgment of his listener, in which he confidently anticipated her verdict: "A most ridiculous thing! ye can see yersel' as weel's onybody, Lizzy. An' sic a thing to ca' an honest man like mysel' a hypocreet for! ha! ha! ha! There's no a bairn atween John o' Groat's an' the Lan's En' disna ken 'at the seller o' a horse is b'un' to reese (*extol*) him, an' the buyer to tak care o' himsel'. I'll no say it's jist allooable to tell a doonricht lee, but ye may come full nearer till't in horse-dealin', ohn sinned, nor in ony ither kin' o' merchandize. It's like luve an' war, in baith which, it's weel kenned, a' thing's fair. The saw sud rin, *Luve an' war an' horse-dealin'*.—Divna ye see, Lizzy?"

But Lizzy did not answer, and the factor, hearing a stifled sob, started to his elbow.

"Lie still, sir!" said Lizzy. "It's naething. I was only jist thinkin' 'at that wad be the w'y 'at the father o' my bairn rizzoned wi' himsel' whan he lee'd to me."

"Hey!" said the astonished factor, and in his turn held his peace, trying to think.

Now, Lizzy for the last few months had been going to school—the same school

with Malcolm, open to all comers—the only school where one is sure to be led in the direction of wisdom—and there she had been learning to some purpose, as plainly appeared before she had done with the factor.

"Whase kirk are ye elder o', Maister Crathie?" she asked presently.

"Ow, the Kirk o' Scotlan', of coorse," answered the patient, in some surprise at her ignorance.

"Ay, ay," returned Lizzy; "but whase aucht (*owning, property*) is 't?"

"Ow, whase but the Redeemer's?"

"An' div ye think, Mr. Crathie, 'at gien Jesus Christ had had a horse to sell, he wad hae hidden frae him 'at wad buy ae hair o' a fau't 'at the beast hed? Wad he no hae dune till's neiper as he wad hae his neiper du to him?"

"Lassie! lassie! tak care hoo ye even him to sic-like as hiz (*us*). What wad he hae to du wi' horsefesh?"

Lizzy held her peace. Here was no room for argument. He had flung the door of his conscience in the face of her who woke it. But it was too late, for the word was in already. Oh that false reverence which men substitute for adoring obedience, and wherewith they reprove the childlike spirit that does not know another kingdom than that of God and that of mammon! God never gave man thing to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the son of God would have done it.

But, I say, the word was in, and, partly no doubt from its following so close upon the dream the factor had had, was potent in its operation. He fell a-thinking, and a-thinking more honestly than he had thought for many a day. And presently it was revealed to him that, if he were in the horse-market wanting to buy, and a man there who had to sell said to him, "He wadna du for you, sir: ye wad be tired o' 'im in a week," he would never remark, "What a fool the fellow is!" but, "Weel, noo, I ca' that neiborly!" He did not get quite so far just then as to see that every man to whom he might want to sell a horse was as much his neighbor as his own brother; nor, indeed, if he had got as far, would it have indicated much progress in honesty, seeing he would at any time, when needful and possible, have cheated that brother in the matter of a horse as certainly as he would a Patagonian or Chinaman. But the warped glass of a bad maxim had at least been cracked in his window.

The peacemaker sat in silence the rest

of the night, but the factor's sleep was broken, and at times he wandered. He was not so well the next day, and his wife, gathering that Lizzy had been talking, and herself feeling better, would not allow her to sit up with him any more.

Days and days passed, and still Malcolm had no word from Lenorme, and was getting hopeless in respect to that quarter of possible aid. But so long as Florimel could content herself with the quiet of Lossie House, there was time to wait, he said to himself. She was not idle, and that was promising. Every day she rode out with Stoot. Now and then she would make a call in the neighborhood, and, apparently to trouble Malcolm, took care to let him know that on one of these occasions her call had been upon Mrs. Stewart. One thing he did feel was, that she made no renewal of her friendship with his grandfather: she had, alas! outgrown the girlish fancy. Poor Duncan took it much to heart. She saw more of the minister and his wife—who both flattered her—than anybody else, and was expecting the arrival of Lady Bellair and Lord Liftore with the utmost impatience. They, for their part, were making the journey by the easiest possible stages, tacking and veering, and visiting every one of their friends that lay between London and Lossie: they thought to give Florimel the little lesson that, though they accepted her invitation, they had plenty of friends in the world besides her ladyship, and were not dying to see her.

One evening Malcolm, as he left the grounds of Mr. Morrison, on whom he had been calling, saw a travelling-carriage pass toward Portlossie, and something liker fear laid hold of his heart than he had ever felt except when Florimel and he on the night of the storm took her father for Lord Gernon the wizard. As soon as he reached certain available fields, he sent Kelpie tearing across them, dodged through a fir wood, and came out on the road half a mile in front of the carriage: as again it passed him he saw that his fears were facts, for in it sat the bold-faced countess and the mean-hearted lord. Something *must* be done at last, and until it was done good watch must be kept.

I must here note that during this time of hoping and waiting Malcolm had attended to another matter of importance. Over every element influencing his life, his family, his dependants, his property, he desired to possess a lawful, honest command: where he had to render account he would be head. Therefore,

through Mr. Soutar's London agent, to whom he sent up Davy, and whom he brought acquainted with Merton and his former landlady at the curiosity-shop, he had discovered a good deal about Mrs. Catanach from her London associates, among them the herb-doctor and his little boy who had watched Davy; and he had now almost completed an outline of evidence which, grounded on that of Rose, might be used against Mrs. Catanach at any moment. He had also set inquiries on foot in the track of Caley's antecedents, and had discovered more than the acquaintance between her and Mrs. Catanach. Also he had arranged that Hodges, the man who had lost his leg through his cruelty to Kelpie, should leave for Duff Harbor as soon as possible after his discharge from the hospital. He was determined to crush the evil powers which had been ravaging his little world.

## CHAPTER LX.

## AN OFFERING.

CLEMENTINA was always ready to accord any reasonable request Florimel could make of her; but her letter lifted such a weight from her heart and life that she would now have done whatever she desired, reasonable or unreasonable, provided only it was honest. She had no difficulty in accepting Florimel's explanation that her sudden disappearance was but a breaking of the social jail, the flight of the weary bird from its foreign cage back to the country of its nest; and that same morning she called upon Demon. The hound, feared and neglected, was rejoiced to see her, came when she called him, and received her caresses: there was no ground for dreading his company. It was a long journey, but if it had been across a desert instead of through her own country, the hope that lay at the end of it would have made it more than pleasant. She, as well as Lady Bellair, had friends upon the way, but no desire either to lengthen the journey or shorten its tedium by visiting them.

The letter that would have found her at Wastbeach instead of London had not the society and instructions of the school-master detained her a willing prisoner to its heat and glare and dust. Him only in all London must she see to bid good-bye. To Camden Town therefore she went that same evening, when his work would be over for the day. As usual now, she was shown into his room — his only one. As

usual also, she found him poring over his Greek Testament. The gracious, graceful woman looked lovelily strange in that mean chamber — like an opal in a brass ring. There was no such contrast between the room and its occupant. His bodily presence was too weak to "stick fiery off" from its surroundings, and to the eye that saw through the bodily presence to the inherent grandeur, that grandeur suggested no discrepancy, being of the kind that lifts everything to its own level, casts the mantle of its own radiance around its surroundings. Still, to the eye of love and reverence it was not pleasant to see him in such *entourage*, and now that Clementina was going to leave him, the ministering spirit that dwelt in the woman was troubled.

"Ah!" he said, and rose as she entered, "this is then the angel of my deliverance!" But with such a smile he did not look as if he had much to be delivered from. "You see," he went on, "old man as I am, and peaceful, the summer will lay hold upon me. She stretches out a long arm into this desert of houses and stones, and sets me longing after the green fields and the living air — it seems dead here — and the face of God, as much as one may behold of the Infinite through the revealing veil of earth and sky and sea. Shall I confess my weakness, my poverty of spirit, my covetousness after the visual? I was even getting a little tired of that glorious God and man lover, Saul of Tarsus: no, not of him, never of *him*, only of his shadow in his words. Yet perhaps — yes, I think so — it is God alone of whom a man can never get tired. Well, no matter: tired I was, when lo! here comes my pupil, with more of God in her face than all the worlds and their skies he ever made."

"I would my heart were as full of him too, then, sir," answered Clementina. "But if I am anything of a comfort to you, I am more than glad; therefore the more sorry to tell you that I am going to leave you, though for a little while only, I trust."

"You do not take me by surprise, my lady. I have of course been looking forward for some time to my loss and your gain. The world is full of little deaths — deaths of all sorts and sizes, rather let me say. For this one I was prepared. The good summer-land calls you to its bosom, and you must go."

"Come with me," cried Clementina, her eyes eager with the light of the sudden thought, while her heart reproached her

grievously that only now first had it come to her.

"A man must not leave the most irksome work for the most peaceful pleasure," answered the schoolmaster. "I am able to live—yes, and do my work—without you, my lady," he added with a smile, "though I shall miss you sorely."

"But you do not know where I want you to come," she said.

"What difference can that make, my lady, except indeed in the amount of pleasure to be refused, seeing this is not a matter of choice? I must be with the children whom I have engaged to teach, and whose parents pay me for my labor—not with those who, besides, can do well without me."

"I cannot, sir—not for long at least."

"What! not with Malcolm to supply my place?"

Clementina blushed, but only like a white rose. She did not turn her head aside; she did not lower their lids to veil the light she felt mount into her eyes; she looked him gently in the face as before, and her aspect of entreaty did not change. "Ah! do not be unkind, master," she said.

"Unkind!" he repeated. "You know I am not. I have more kindness in my heart than my lips can tell. You do not know, you could not yet imagine, the half of what I hope of and for and from you."

"I am going to see Malcolm," she said with a little sigh. "That is, I am going to visit Lady Lossie at her place in Scotland—your own old home, where so many must love you. *Can't* you come? I shall be travelling alone, quite alone, except my servants."

A shadow came over the schoolmaster's face: "You do not *think*, my lady, or you would not press me. It pains me that you do not see at once it would be dishonest to go without timely notice to my pupils, and to the public too. But, beyond that, quite, I never do anything of myself. I go not where I wish, but where I seem to be called or sent. I never even wish much, except when I pray to Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. After what he wants to give me I am wishing all day long. I used to build many castles, not without a beauty of their own—that was when I had less understanding—now I leave them to God to build for me: he does it better, and they last longer. See now, this very hour, when I needed help, could I have contrived a more lovely annihilation of the monotony that threatened to invade my weary spirit than this inroad of light in the person of my Lady Clemen-

tina? Nor will he allow me to get over-wearied with vain efforts. I do not think he will keep me here long, for I find I cannot do much for these children. They are but some of his many pagans—not yet quite ready to receive Christianity, I think—not like children with some of the old seeds of the truth buried in them, that want to be turned up nearer to the light. This ministration I take to be more for my good than theirs—a little trial of faith and patience for me—a stony corner of the lovely valley of humiliation to cross. True, I *might* be happier where I could hear the larks, but I do not know that anywhere have I been more peaceful than in this little room, on which I see you so often cast round your eyes curiously, perhaps pitifully, my lady."

"It is not at all a fit place for *you*," said Clementina with a touch of indignation.

"Softly, my lady, lest, without knowing it, your love should make you sin. Who set thee, I pray, for a guardian angel over my welfare? I could scarce have a lovelier, true; but where is thy brevet? No, my lady: it is a greater than thou that sets me the bounds of my habitation. Perhaps He may give me a palace one day. If I might choose, it would be things that belong to a cottage—the whiteness and the greenness and the sweet odors of cleanliness. But the Father has decreed for his children that they shall know the thing that is neither their ideal nor his. Who can imagine how in this respect things looked to our Lord when he came and found so little faith on the earth? But perhaps, my lady, you would not pity my present condition so much if you had seen the cottage in which I was born, and where my father and mother loved each other, and died happier than on their wedding day. There I was happy too until their loving ambition decreed that I should be a scholar and a clergyman. Not before then did I ever know anything worthy the name of trouble. A little cold and a little hunger at times, and not a little restlessness always, was all. But then—ah, then my troubles began. Yet God, who bringeth light out of darkness, hath brought good even out of my weakness and presumption and half-unconscious falsehood. When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning, as I purpose."

"Then God be with thee! He *is* with thee, only my prayer is that thou mayst know it. He is with me, and I know it. He does not find this chamber too mean or dingy or unclean to let me know him near me in it."



"Tell me one thing before I go," said Clementina: "are we not commanded to bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ? I read it to-day."

"Then why ask me?"

"For another question: does not that involve the command to those who have burdens that they should allow others to bear them?"

"Surely, my lady. But I have no burden to let you bear."

"Why should I have everything and you nothing? Answer me that."

"My lady, I have millions more than you, for I have been gathering the crumbs under my Master's table for thirty years."

"You are a king," answered Clementina. "But a king needs a handmaiden somewhere in his house: that let me be in yours. No, I will be proud, and assert my rights: I am your daughter. If I am not, why am I here? Do you not remember telling me that the adoption of God meant a closer relation than any other fatherhood, even his own first fatherhood, could signify? You cannot cast me off if you would. Why should you be poor when I am rich? You *are* poor: you cannot deny it," she concluded with a serious playfulness.

"I will not deny my privileges," said the schoolmaster, with a smile such as might have acknowledged the possession of some exquisite and envied rarity.

"I believe," insisted Clementina, "you are just as poor as the apostle Paul when he sat down to make a tent, or as our Lord himself after he gave up carpentering."

"You are wrong there, my lady. I am not so poor as they must often have been."

"But I don't know how long I may be away, and you may fall ill, or—or—see some—some book you want very much, or——"

"I never do," said the schoolmaster.

"What! never see a book you want to have?"

"No, not now. I have my Greek Testament, my Plato, and my Shakespeare, and one or two little books besides whose wisdom I have not yet quite exhausted."

"I can't bear it!" cried Clementina, almost on the point of weeping. "You will not let me near you. You put out an arm as long as the summer's, and push me away from you. Let me be your servant." As she spoke she rose, and walking softly up to him where he sat, kneeled at his knees and held out suppliantly a little bag of white silk tied with crimson. "Take it—father," she said, hesitating, and bring-

ing the word out with an effort: "take your daughter's offering—a poor thing to show her love, but something to ease her heart."

He took it, and weighed it up and down in his hand with an amused smile, but his eyes full of tears. It was heavy. He opened it. A chair was within his reach: he emptied it on the seat of it, and laughed with merry delight as its contents came tumbling out. "I never saw so much gold in my life if it were all taken together," he said. "What beautiful stuff it is! But I don't want it, my dear. It would but trouble me." And as he spoke he began to put it in the bag again. "You will want it for your journey," he said.

"I have plenty in my reticule," she answered. "That is a mere nothing to what I could have to-morrow morning for writing a cheque. I am afraid I am very rich. It is such a shame! But I can't well help it. You must teach me how to become poor. Tell me true: how much money have you?" She said this with such an earnest look of simple love that the schoolmaster made haste to rise that he might conceal his growing emotion.

"Rise, my dear lady," he said as he rose himself, "and I will show you." He gave her his hand, and she obeyed, but troubled and disappointed, and so stood looking after him while he went to a drawer. Thence, searching in a corner of it, he brought a half-sovereign, a few shillings, and some coppers, and held them out to her on his hand with the smile of one who had proved his point. "There!" he said, "do you think Paul would have stopped preaching to make a tent so long as he had as much as that in his pocket? I shall have more on Saturday, and I always carry a month's rent in my good old watch, for which I never had much use, and now have less than ever."

Clementina had been struggling with herself, now she burst into tears.

"Why, what a misspending of precious sorrow!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Do you think because a man has not a gold-mine he must die of hunger? I once heard of a sparrow that never had a worm left for the morrow, and died a happy death notwithstanding." As he spoke he took her handkerchief from her hand and dried her tears with it. But he had enough ado to keep his own back. "Because I won't take a bagful of gold from you when I don't want it," he went on, "do you think I should let myself starve without coming to you? I promise you I will let you know—come to you if I can

— the moment I get too hungry to do my work well and have no money left. Should I think it a disgrace to take money from *you*? That would show a poverty of spirit such as I hope never to fall into. My *sole* reason for refusing now is that I do not need it."

But for all his loving words and assurances Clementina could not stay her tears. She was not ready to weep, but now her eyes were as a fountain.

"See, then, for your tears are hard to bear, my daughter," he said, "I will take one of these golden ministers, and if it has flown from me ere you come, seeing that, like the raven, it will not return if once I let it go, I will ask you for another. It *may* be God's will that you should feed me for a time."

"Like one of Elijah's ravens," said Clementina, with an attempted laugh that was really a sob.

"Like a dove whose wings are covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold," said the schoolmaster.

A moment of silence followed, broken only by Clementina's failures in quieting herself.

"To me," he resumed, "the sweetest fountain of money is the hand of love, but a man has no right to take it from that fountain except he is in want of it. I am not. True, I go somewhat bare, my lady; but what is that when my Lord would have it so?"

He opened again the bag, and slowly, reverentially indeed, drew from it one of the new sovereigns with which it was filled. He put it in a waistcoat pocket and laid the bag on the table.

"But your clothes are shabby, sir," said Clementina, looking at him with a sad little shake of the head.

"Are they?" he returned, and looked down at his lower garments, reddening and anxious. "I did not think they were more than a little rubbed, but they shine somewhat," he said. "They are indeed polished by use," he went on with a troubled little laugh: "but they have no holes yet—at least none that are visible," he corrected. "If you tell me, my lady, if you honestly tell me, that my garments"—and he looked at the sleeve of his coat, drawing back his head from it to see it better—"are unsightly, I will take of your money and buy me a new suit." Over his coat-sleeve he regarded her, questioning.

"Everything about you is beautiful," she burst out. "You want nothing but a body that lets the light through." She

took the hand still raised in his survey of his sleeve, pressed it to her lips, and walked with even more than her wonted state slowly from the room.

He took the bag of gold from the table and followed her down the stair. Her chariot was waiting her at the door. He handed her in, and laid the bag on the little seat in front.

"Will you tell him to drive home?" she said with a firm voice, and a smile which if any one care to understand let him read Spenser's fortieth sonnet. And so they parted. The coachman took the queer, shabby, un-London-like man for a fortune-teller his lady was in the habit of consulting, and paid homage to his power with the handle of his whip as he drove away. The schoolmaster returned to his room—not to his Plato, not even to Saul of Tarsus, but to the Lord himself.

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From The Victoria Magazine.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON AND LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

BY P. Q. KEEGAN, LL.D.

THE materials from which we may glean the character of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, are scattered up and down a brief account of her life written by herself; and the indications which that remarkable production furnishes are most pointed and interesting. She was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower of London, a man of good general ability, benevolence, trustworthiness, piety, and practical aptitude. Her mother, according to the daughter's account, was a woman of practical ability and steady piety. Her parents, from an early age, spared no cost to improve on her education. At four years of age, she could read English perfectly, and was characterized by the possession of a retentive memory. When she was only seven years old she was intently occupied with the acquisition of languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework. Of these she avers that she absolutely hated the needle, that she profited very little by her tuitions in music and dancing, never practising them but when her masters were with her. She despised playing with other children, and seemed, in short, quite averse to everything but her book. "Every moment," she says, "I could steal from my play I would employ on any book I could find when my own were locked up from me." Mean-

while, moreover, she was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly she applied herself to it, and to practise it as she was taught it. She used to exhort her mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourse to good subjects.

Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson was a woman of a decidedly grave and serious turn of mind. The love of knowledge and of truth, the desire of real merit, the sense of security from remote evils, modesty — these were the emotions which ruled over her spirit, these it was that guided and piloted her general conduct, and to whose empire she owned unswerving allegiance. The steadiness of conduct, the sense of order, the fidelity, and the respect for authority which such an exalted sovereignty ordains instilled her with a feeling of patriotism and of public honor, not superficial by any means, but deeply ingrained and thoroughly well-founded.

In interpreting this part of Mrs. Hutchinson's character, we clearly perceive the deep shadow cast down by the age in which she lived. Her husband was a Roundhead of the time of Charles I. and Cromwell, and her own sympathies were strongly enlisted in the republican cause which then sprung up — the cause, viz., of the prudential, nervous stability of the sterling-hearted, though Puritanized, middle and lower classes of England, against the crack-brained vivacity, the over-demonstrative, open-handed frivolity and thoughtlessness, and the immorality of the court. The English Reformation, however mischievous in other respects, seemed to bear at least this one good fruit — viz., it rendered the English people more prudent and self-controlled, more capable of seeing into the distant future, so as to take all means, measures, and precautions requisite to the establishment of a popular government upon an immovable foundation; in short, it rendered the English nation more capable than heretofore of governing itself and all others of Celtic complexion. Doubtless *Magna Charta* and other valuable privileges and immunities were granted to the commonalty in old Catholic times; but all such donations and franchises seem to have been imparted amid the sounds of mirth and revelry. The Englishmen of those old times were steady, inflexible, and brave; but we suspect they were too merry and laughter-loving, too fond of lingering and dangling at the surface of things rather than descending to the bottom; and consequently their political

constitution was built upon a sandy foundation, and awaited only the rude breath of a Henry VIII. to crumble to atoms.

Oliver Cromwell, no doubt, may be regarded as the fittest aspirant and the worthiest recipient of English national liberty. Moreover (throwing out of view his duplicity, ambition, etc.) he may be regarded as a true type of the English national character. The comparative impiety of our days probably hinders us from perceiving this fact so clearly as we might have done two hundred years ago — *i.e.*, at a period when the doctrines and practices of Christianity were more deeply incorporated into the tissue of household existence, than they are at present. He was a man, as everybody knows, of singular capacity. He had that steady prudence, that far-sighted view of things, that marvellous grasp of the means requisite to accomplish desired ends, which alone would stamp him as one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. His intellectual powers were not perhaps remarkably vigorous; his morality wandered about amid the labyrinthian passages of the Bible, seeking in vain for a firm and steadfast seat; and his conduct with respect to the murder of Charles I. was infamous and abominable.

Minor and less conspicuous developments of the character now sketched, contributed therewith to overturn the ancient sovereignty of England, and to establish upon its ruins, as upon an immovable basis, the fabric of English popular liberty. Never was there a time when the prudent-minded characteristics of the Saxon race were so powerfully developed, or so conspicuously displayed; and the prevailing condition of social life and manners borrowed its hues from the predominant circumstance. We may observe, that the large and respectable body of the country gentlemen stood foremost amongst the ranks of the commonalty, as distinguished from the aristocracy; and it was from this body, that the vast majority of the people derived their habits, their prejudices, and their religious and political opinions. This majority were ingrained with Puritan principles, and these views operated upon their minds and conduct in such a manner, as to produce the characteristic of deep thought, steady enthusiasm, and self-command. We do not believe that the stern gloom, the blighting asceticism, the rigid morosity wherewith the career of the Roundheads has been commonly associated, were generally predominant amongst that class of men. Some

prominent force-of-character fanatics, showing or rather shadowing forth amongst their fellows, have been seized upon (as by Scott, for instance, in "Old Mortality"), and held up as typical specimens of their class; but there is every reason to suppose that these instances were merely exceptional.

Nevertheless, we are constrained to think that the Puritans were not kind-hearted as a rule, but rather selfish. They carried about with them opinions regarding certain harmless amusements (such as theatre-going, card-playing, etc.), which would, if expressed in our day, be provocative of laughter. Nevertheless, we need not pretend that sports, in the ordinary sense of the word, were not commonly practised during the Puritan régime. The pastime of angling, in particular, must, we think, have had many devotees at that time. Izaak Walton's old treatise on this subject was extensively patronized, no less than five editions having been called for in the course of his life. The piscatorial sport, by reason of its comparative quietude and melancholy, was admirably suited to the Roundhead character; and hence, in the opening chapters of the aforesaid book, we find an able and eloquent defence and recommendation thereof; and throughout those pages, too, we may glean the true relation of the Puritan spirit to the sportive side of human nature. Therein we may learn that all dissipation that did not extravagantly ruffle, excite, or exhaust the animal spirits, was perfectly compatible with the orthodox Roundhead doctrine on this point. Effervescence of animal spirits, on the other hand, was regarded as part and parcel, a sign and index of the crazy temperament, of the man barely fit to take care of himself — of the irreligious, the profligate man.

The literature of the Commonwealth period throws manifold rays of light upon the character of the men whose thoughts and feelings it expressed. The style wherein it was couched was lofty, classical, pedantic, and, though frequently diffuse and deficient in smoothness and ease, it was commonly adorned with profuse and glowing imagery. There was an almost universal prevalence of analogical, metaphorical expression. Men did not express themselves so directly and plainly as at present; they borrowed illustrations of their subject-matter from all natural objects; in fact, they seemed to view everything by the light of simile. Truly there was at this time, an extraordinary development of that department of the intellect,

of that power of association whereby like suggests like amid a crowd of diverse objects. The extensive Bible-reading then prevalent probably contributed to deepen and extend this native tendency of the intellectual forces. We observe it beautifully displayed in the magnificently embroidered prose of Milton. We trace it, too, in the writings of Mrs. Hutchinson, as, for instance, in the following passages: Speaking of her own birth, she says, "It was not in the midnight of Popery, nor in the dawn of the gospel's restored day, when lights and shades were blended and almost undistinguished, but when the sun of truth was exalted in his progress and hastening towards a meridian glory."

Of her husband she affirms, that "his soul ever reigned as king in the internal throne, and never was captive to his senses; religion and reason, its two favored councillors, took order that all the passions, kept within their just bounds, there did him good service, and furthered the public weal."

We do not often encounter such elaborately wrought, poetical strains of writing as these, throughout the literary productions of the female mind; and the foregoing instance thereof may, therefore, be regarded as indicative of the masculine force of intellect which this lady possessed. The very circumstance itself, that she should have written a lengthy memoir, embracing several historical events, and indicating, as it does, very considerable powers of judging men and things, demonstrates beyond a doubt the intellectual calibre of her mind, and the preponderance of the intellectual over the emotional department thereof. Nevertheless, the character of the times she lived in must be taken into account; for we know that, in a subsequent age, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a woman of probably equal intellectual strength and attainments, mainly occupied her literary talents with descriptions of her own personal pleasures, or of the objects and persons encountered during her travels; she even did not disdain to retail the latest scandal.

We do not hear that Mrs. Hutchinson was skilled in music, in painting, or in any of the fine arts, properly so called, although no doubt she had a taste for them. She seems to have been destitute of that peculiar Celtic nervous acuteness or excitability, which is apparently indispensable to such artistic talent; and this being the case, her sociable proclivities, how-



ever liberally implanted by nature, must have been more or less checked in growth and development. But she indubitably possessed an unusually retentive memory, and a keen, discriminative judgment, that cast a serenity over her life, and induced her to be prudent and sober-minded, and thus rendered her eminently sane and properly conducted. Nevertheless, in spite of this grave and sober steadfastness of demeanor, in spite of this moral propriety of at least her public conduct, it reflects no great credit on the social character of this lady, that she was so much disposed to despise playing with other children, and that she tired the more grave instructions than their mothers, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when she entertained herself with older company. We confess that, regard it as we may, this is a feature in the character of this remarkable woman that we cannot esteem. The child who would be guilty of such conduct in the present day, would be most deservedly unpopular, and would even, we suspect, be considered as tinged with insanity. She certainly would not be liked in any degree by her playmates and schoolfellows; and after a time, she would be probably shunned and ignored by them, as well as by the more penetrating among her elders. It may be averred in her defence, that she was very young at the time when such disagreeable traits were exhibited, but our own experience of such matters has invariably pointed to the conclusion that the *native disposition* of individuals is as clearly reflected, in fact more so, in their general deportment when they are young in years, as when the mantle of age has fallen on their shoulders.

The fulsome praise, too, which she so lavishly showers on the character and qualities of her father, her mother, and her husband, simply because their good points happened to be somewhat similar to those possessed by herself, suggests the idea that she would have been as equally prepared to heap censure and reproach upon individuals of a more sprightly and vivacious disposition, however good and irreproachable their conduct in other respects might have been. We fear that her experience of human nature was not sufficiently extensive to enable her to pierce through the veil which invariably covers the actions of men, hiding from obtuse mortal ken their intrinsic good or evil, morality or depravity.

Ours is not the age competent to produce another Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson; for sage and sober thoughtfulness, and steady

self-command, not being the general characteristics of the race of men now in existence, are not now reflected by the clear, sheeny waters of woman's heart. Men nowadays are for the most part too much given to frivolity of all kinds, to feel disposed to patronize exhibitions of sobriety of conduct, or studious habits in women. Let the men be only more plentifully endowed with thoughtfulness, steady enthusiasm in religion, and in such other matters as are ancillary to their eternal welfare; let them be prudent, and hold the coursers of their inclinations well in hand; let them eschew, or at least considerably moderate, their habits of drinking, smoking, betting, and general fast living; and then we shall be blessed with a more staid and sober-minded order of women.

Mrs. Hutchinson's father occupied a high social position, and that circumstance contributed, with the undoubted respectability of his character, to render the daughter comparatively heedless as to popular opinion. Wherefore free scope was furnished for the development and display of her innate powers and capacities. She cared not whether she was contemptuously called a blue-stocking or a bookworm. Her spirit had not been reared amid an environment of vivacious, unsteady, effervescent Celts, whose *quasi* sharpness and insolent effrontery would serve to cry her down to all the world. She was reared amid a company of sane and sober-minded men, whose passions, although enthusiastic regarding certain matters, did not habitually outstrip either their judgment or their self-control. Women generally submit to be cherished, guided, and developed by those of the stronger sex. If the men do not encourage the development of literary tastes and habits amongst women, we may rest assured that very few shoots from the tree of feminine scholarship will ever take root in the social evil. But if, on the other hand, men sympathize with demonstrations of feminine genius, talent, or learning, perhaps we shall, in the course of time, witness developments of those mental qualities unsurpassed by anything the world has hitherto seen.

The stability of Mrs. Hutchinson's mind, the absence of vanity and ostentation, contributed with her masculine force of intellect, her prudence and self-control, to render her singularly endowed with practical capacities. The clouds rolled away before her penetrating gaze, when once it was directed towards futurity. She was instinctively conscious of the means requisite to accomplish whatever ends she

had in view, and she did not shrink from taking advantage of this useful knowledge. She possessed much kind-heartedness. After an attack by some of the royalist soldiery upon the town of Nottingham, the wounded of her own party were brought in to her, and she dressed their wounds, some of which were dangerous, with such success, that they were all cured in convenient time. Afterwards, and in spite of bigoted expostulation, she proceeded to bind up and dress the wounds of three prisoners that had been captured from the enemy. During the period of her husband's unjust imprisonment, too, she frequently solaced him by her presence, and labored assiduously by eloquent appeals for his release.

But her consciousness of her own talents and good qualities saturated her mind with a profound sense of her intellectual superiority and righteous conduct. All must admit that this woman was proud. We do not hear that she was popular; we do not find her name in the common records of the time when she flourished. Something internal seemed perpetually to whisper to her that her religious and other opinions were founded on the rock of truth itself, and that her actions were commonly, if not invariably, the emanation of a most infallibly directed conscience. Thence we may trace the rise of a somewhat exalted self-conceit, and of a stubborn opiniativeness, which seem, in the sublimity of condition of the human soul, to be at least very frequent attendants upon individuals of a recognized intellectual or moral calibre.

Let us now turn over the annals of English political events, till we come to the place where the transactions of the first quarter of the eighteenth century are related, *i.e.*, about sixty years after the Cromwellian rebellion, or about the time when George I. ascended the throne. Here we shall observe a completely different picture from what we have been hitherto contemplating. The face of society had changed, exhibiting more gaudy hues, and more diversified features than of yore. The fire and smoke of political contention—an unseemly sight in England—had cleared away, and the liberties of the nation seemed finally established upon an immovable foundation. The unsightly scaffolding, which of old had deformed, while no doubt it somewhat promoted the building up of the fabric of the constitution, was now entirely removed, so that the noble edifice itself shone forth in bright, unsullied splendor. Neverthe-

less, the hereditary aristocracy of the kingdom had not been overthrown. England, accepting the well-known common sense, and the subdued, properly regulated love of power of her nobility as guarantees of safety from further aggression by them upon her dearly cherished liberties, permitted that high order of men to remain, probably on the principle that they, being free-born and vested with no objectionable privileges, had as good a right to exist as anybody else.

But, notwithstanding these political ameliorations, a broad chasm still subsisted between the court, including the nobility on the one hand, and the mighty mass of the commonalty on the other. The former of these was the central fountain of patronage. He who was talented and accomplished, and wished to unmask his light to the world, must first unseal the waters of that fountain, ere the products of his powers could be diffused throughout the provinces of society at large. The seeds of genius could never spring forth and be developed in the sight of men, until they had been previously irrigated and refreshed by the sparkling waters of aristocratic patronage. That eminent literary pioneer, Dr. Johnson, had not yet arrived upon the scene to clear away obstructions, and the rays of popular influence were as yet too weak to exert much beneficial influence upon the tender plant.

An idiosyncrasy as to tastes, habits, and manners, characterized the upper ten at this remarkable period. The reign of Charles I. had been one of comparative quietude in the moral world; but when Charles II. ascended the throne, the hellhounds of vice and immorality were freely let loose upon aristocratic society, and they rampaged about with a fury and perversity that set all the frowns of public opinion at defiance. It was this depraved nobility that constituted the reading class of the community; and the literature which pandered to their epicurean tastes was necessarily immoral, and, though brilliant and felicitous in respect of expression, it was yet poor and vile in respect of thought. Men gambled and patronized brutal sports, and swore continually, retailed scandal, attended immoral plays, and in general conducted themselves as if the coursers of their sensual passions had galloped madly away with their conscience and their self-command. "No more gloomy Puritanism here;" no practical belief in the Christian doctrines as to a future state of reward and punishment.

No stability of nervous element, but rather universal effervescence thereof; no exertion of intellect, but insane careering of passion; no practical ability, but rather a reckless squandering of time and talents upon a slavish subservience to brutal passions. No solemn and serious musing, and inward contemplation; no religious devotion, or fortification of the will against the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil — nothing but the most complete gratification of the lowest, most degrading passions of the soul. Demonstrations of the serious side of human nature, such, for instance, as profound scholarship, piety, sane or moral conduct, were cried down, jeered at, treated with the utmost scorn.

The whole programme of the foregoing iniquitous transactions were, be it remembered, performed openly, outwardly, without the fear of censure, or of the forfeit of reputation. Truly could Lady Mary Wortley Montagu affirm of the society of her time, that "the world was entirely *révenue de bagatelle*; and honor, virtue, reputation, etc., which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribbons. Matrimony is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows."

Such was the general character of the social world at the period when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu flourished. She was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in the year 1690. Like Mrs. Hutchinson, she was taught Latin at an early age. She was versed, too, in the Greek and French languages, and in history, and preserved throughout her life an unquenchable love of study. But while she recommended the perusal of books, and powerfully advocated the diffusion of learning, she did not overlook the claims of the needle and of drawing upon the female attention. She considered that it was "as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as it was for a man not to know how to use a sword." She was once extremely fond of drawing, so that when her father turned off her drawing-master, on account of the weakness in the eyes which her practice in that art occasioned, she felt greatly mortified. She was also able to dance well, having, as she records in one of her letters, been able to teach the Viennese some new country-dances, they *only* knowing half-a-dozen, which they had been practising over and again, during a period of some fifty years.

Even as a clever and beautiful child, she

had been introduced into society, and thus at an early period of life she was furnished with adequate opportunities for the development of that power of observing character, and of that sound penetration, for which she was afterwards so eminently distinguished. This circumstance, too, laid the foundations of that predilection for effervescent amusements, and of that vivacity, wit, lively imagination, and love of anecdote, which breathe everywhere through her inimitable correspondence. Undoubtedly the lady was of a gay, light, sportive, rather than of a sombre and serious temperament. Her intellectual calibre, her education, and her high social position considerably modified the vivacious display; but we have no hesitation in pronouncing Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to have been a woman of large general energy, which was habitually displayed by fits and starts, rather continuously, vehemently rather than moderately. But, however we may assign the relation which her activity bore to her emotions, we are constrained to think, that her thoughts and inclinations leaned towards the sportive and the gay, rather than towards the sober and the sedate. She disliked sorrow, and expressly maintained, in one of her letters, that sorrow for the dead was the vainest form of feeling. On another occasion, she expressed her conviction to a friend, that the best thing to be done, on awaking in the morning, was to think on what will most divert the mind. Most people like to offer up a prayer at that period of the day.

One of the consequences of the possession of this sportive temperament was, that the current of her ideas ran blithely and freely. In imagination, she was competent to paint in brilliant and lively colors the scenes whereon her senses had previously dwelt. But an examination of her famous correspondence will reveal to us most clearly the powers of this department of her wonderful mind. It is impossible to admire too much the grace, ease, and liveliness that breathe through these charming letters. The idiomatic purity and simplicity of the language attests, in conjunction with these qualities, the fundamental simplicity of the lady's character. A thread of sound English sense, too, seems to be carried through the whole literary product, and seems to be the principal prop whereby it is supported. But she makes no moral remarks, indulges in no devotional raptures, is rarely or ever figurative or eloquent in expression, never proclaims her admiration of a human be-

ing, except as regards some very frivolous or superficial quality, such as the power of making oneself agreeable, etc. She regarded men and things with an eye of hatred rather than of love, with a view to laugh and sneer rather than to admire and be edified. She was not ashamed to declare that very few shared her esteem; and her experience of the world imbued her with the opinion that three out of every four persons were fools. Yet, notwithstanding this contempt for her species, the current of public sentiment bore her away at times, alas! too frequently, from the resting-places of moral propriety, and compelled her to cleave to what was customary rather than to what was ethically correct.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "Letters" attest that she had read extensively, and that she was endowed with a ready and retentive memory. Unlike many other women, she could reason and draw inferences too, thereby indicating the possession of the powers of comparison and judgment. She not only noted the more conspicuous colors, forms, relative disposition, etc. of the objects which passed under her review, and derived a certain amount of sensuous gratification therefrom, all of which Madame de Sévigné undoubtedly could do: but the tendency of her mind also induced her to compare and contrast one object with another, to note their agreements and disagreements in various respects, etc.—a tendency which Madame de Sévigné undoubtedly seldom or never exhibited. She possessed no such inheritance of genius, properly so called, as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson; she could not discern identity amid a vast, distracting congregation of differences; but she was unquestionably a woman far removed from any disposition to gossip, when it was more proper and expedient for her to indulge in serious intellectual conversation. It is difficult to reconcile the admirable common sense and extensive reading which are displayed in her "Letters," with the sportive vivacity, the half-playful sarcasm which so frequently brighten the surface of the current of her thoughts. The former qualities indicate intellectual calibre and strength of will; the latter, a susceptibility to, and intensity of emotion; and it is but rarely, indeed, that these mental characteristics ever meet and unite in the same individual. But however this may be, it is undoubted that her powers of intellect restrained the impetuosity of her feelings much more effectually than her conscience did. There were

many admirable qualities about this woman. She was no fool, neither was she a madwoman. It is a pity that some efficient religious system did not seize her soul in its powerful grasp, and forcibly, though by every proper method, reinstate her conscience upon its throne, and compel the other moving powers to recognize it as their supreme and everlasting ruler.

Do not all our most exalted feelings indulge the hope, that this beautiful and accomplished woman might be the heroine of some thrilling romantic adventure, that she might be loved, courted, and revered with steadfast fervor? What agency was it, then, that caused her to be married at the age of twenty-two, to a grave and saturnine diplomatist, whom she did not love, and who probably felt as little romantic sentiment for her? What was it that chilled the life-springs of her heart, rendering them cold and stagnant, instead of warm and vivacious? The reign of Charles II., while it raised sensuality to a white heat, had blasted for ages the more refined, exalted, God-like appetencies of the human spirit!

On examining the heart of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, we shall find it to be cold, lifeless, unimpressionable. The beams of love played not there, and the clouds of hate found repose in consequence. She held romantic sentimentality in contempt. She felt little respect for any one.

In one of her letters addressed to her intended husband, on the prospect of her union, she thus expresses herself: "I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complacent and easy, but never what is fond, in me." Many of her later letters are freighted with a cargo of the grossest scandal. Indeed, the general tone of her correspondence, from first to last, is never pitched morally high. No doubt evil communications corrupt good manners, but then a person of her intellectual calibre and accomplishments, of her Teutonic common sense and moderation of passion, ought to have risen superior to the situation, and proved a pattern, instead of a mean and despicable copy. Towards the close of her career, she exhibited such a contempt for and indifference to the world, as amounted to positive misanthropy. She declares of the people whom she met at this time, that they made no more impression on her mind than the figures of the tapestry while they were before her eyes. "I know one," she says, "is clothed in blue, and another in red; but



out of sight, they are so entirely out of memory, that I hardly remember whether they are tall or short."

It would appear that this lady was proud rather than vain, although no doubt she seems to have possessed a considerable love of distinction. We may admit that she was not a selfish woman, in the proper sense of that term; that is to say, her love and deference for her own feelings and inclinations did not overbalance her respect for, and sympathy with, the feelings and inclinations of the generality of her neighbors. We have never heard that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was what is styled a popular person. The charms of her person and the brilliancy of her wit must have drawn a long train of admirers; but whether she was ever really loved and respected is, to say the least, doubtful. We know that she enjoyed the little friendship of the Kitcat Club, by whom she was elected a *toast*, but it is very problematical if she ever actually secured to her allegiance what Aristotle styles a friend "for virtue's sake." The lady may not have been habitually actuated by views of interest, or have employed art or deceit in the acquirement of what she desired. Probably she entertained too exalted an opinion of her own merits, etc., to condescend to use such methods of practising upon people whom she despised. Thus the pride of the Saxon was intimately interwoven in her spirit, with the insensibility to tenderness of the Celt.

It is commonly maintained that the typical Celt is a much more tender-hearted, sympathetic individual, than the typical Saxon; but we do not feel disposed to adhere to that view of the matter. Whence does the recognized hypocrisy of the Celtic race spring? How does it come to pass that marriage for love is so rare in France and in Ireland? Is not the display that attends the gratification of the love of excitement, and the love of ostentation, and even the love of the beautiful, nearly akin to that which indicates the emotion of tenderness? and consequently, may it not be readily induced to usurp the signal-station of the latter emotion? We firmly believe, and would stoutly maintain, that levity, wit, love of society and amusement, as distinguished from honor, sobriety, and love of study and solitude, are rarely if ever to be found in the same ranks with genuine tenderness. A most remarkable illustration of this remark is exhibited by the lady whose character we are now engaged in elucidating.

No feature in the character of Lady

Mary Montagu is so luminous and prominent, none has been so universally admitted as her almost utter destitution of tenderness and sympathy. In this most important respect she was broadly distinguished from her great sister of the seventeenth century, Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson. The latter lady unequivocally evinced a romantic though suppressed sensibility. We peruse her own account of her husband's courtship of her, with unfeigned delight. Strange it is, that amid the gloom and darkness of the Puritan *régime*, the cheery light of chivalric love should break unrestrainedly in, and spread its rays abroad, as if it was no unwelcome visitor! But in the reigns of Anne and George I., this resplendent sun never rose above the horizon: the aspect of the social world was too rough and turbulent to permit it to drink in health and edification from its gorgeous display of living beauties.

It is in respect of the ingredient of love and sympathy that we trace the most fundamental discrimination in the moral equipments of the distinguished ladies now under review. Their love of knowledge and truth was perhaps co-equal in intensity; their practical abilities were nearly on a par; but Mrs. Hutchinson could love and sympathize with the joys and sorrows of her fellowmen, while Lady Mary Montagu could not. The one was delicate in feeling, reserved, and modest, the other was egotistical, indelicate, audacious, and even indecent, at least in expression; the one possessed genuine tenderness and romantic sensibility, the other was cold and malevolent, disposed to laugh, and jeer, and hate. In the case of the duke's daughter, a brisk current of liveliness, gracefulness, ease, underran her misanthropic feelings; in the case of the knight's daughter, long trains of solemn musing and devotional rapture attended upon her labors and her hopes. The amiable, attractive qualities of the former were all posted on the exterior, thus accommodating the obtuse, unpenetrating glance of aristocratic society; those of the latter were situated in the interior, and being more firmly established and solidly built, secured the attention of temperate, all-penetrating spirits. The qualities of the republican lady are at the root of conscientiousness and religious devotion, in short, of a properly governed head and heart; those of the aristocratic lady constitute the foundation of irreligion and immorality, in short, of a badly governed head and heart.

A more serious and fundamental differ-

ence than that now specified, cannot be discovered throughout the area of human character; and if we admit, as is generally done, that the general tone manifested, and the species of topics discussed, throughout the literary productions of these celebrated women, may be regarded as well-polished mirrors, wherein we may discern the social condition of England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries respectively, we must inevitably pronounce these periods to have been at the opposite poles of moral propriety. We cannot aver that the moral tone of the Commonwealth period was exalted and edifying, without at the same time, implicitly affirming the opposite of the morality of the era of Anne and the first two Georges. If the Puritan *régime* was of such a character as to liberally implant the seeds of morality and religion in the soul, shall we not denominate it good, proper, edifying? If, on the other hand, the Georgian epoch succeeded in scattering the blossoms of devotion and virtue, so that no fruit could ever emanate thereout, shall we not stigmatize it as villainous and ignoble? Let us never overlook the circumstance, that in the early period the dregs of English society were vigorously stirred up, and floated temporarily on the surface. The voice of the people then spoke in thunder; and Oliver Cromwell only accomplished in the political world what John Wesley, a century afterwards, accomplished in the religious world. The eloquent exhortations of this eminent divine were the reverberations of the English national heart—the fierce and terrible rebound from a condition of moral turpitude wholly foreign to the Teutonic spirit, and reflecting the utmost discredit on the heads and hearts of those who basely submitted to its galling chains. The religious system which Wesley founded may yet burn in the hearts of Englishmen, long after the overgrown and overwrought edifice of the Established Church has crumbled into atoms.

To sum up, in order to pass judgment, let us especially dwell upon the following important facts; viz., in the case of Mrs. Hutchinson, we observe one who was rather sound within than beautiful without—with little aristocratic feeling yet with vast pride, with an original sensibility to all powerful emotions, yet with a sober behavior, with strong sense and prudence, but with little artistic talent or taste or sociability. In the case of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, we have a lady more showy without than solid within—with

beauty and accomplishments yet without romantic love, with little sensibility to any emotion, yet with considerable wit and vivacity of deportment and giddy immorality of conduct, with considerable sense yet with great artistic talent and sociable proclivity. In the former case, the current of animal energy was too stunted and dull; in the latter case, it was too prodigal and vivacious. A happy medium between these two, is perhaps the indispensable requisite of a sound mind in a sound body.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
PAULINE.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER XI.

"AHA, RALPH! RUN YOU TO EARTH AT LAST!"

THE person from whom this salutation proceeded, was a tall young man, with fair hair, a clean shaven cheek, and a lint-white moustache falling straight down from the upper lip, in the narrowest possible arch.

Simultaneously with his "Aha, Ralph!" another voice said, playfully, and with a slightly foreign accent, "How do you do, Blondell?"

This speaker was a short man, with an ugly, clever, meditative face; a face from which you might gather that he to whom it belonged could, in the common phrase, do anything he chose, and also that what he chose to do would not always bear investigation.

The countenances of both gentlemen wore a cheerful expression, denoting that they had come, not because they expected their arrival would be welcome, but because they were morally sure it would not,—a conviction which, when it is to the taste of the individuals concerned, imparts a delightfully piquant flavor to the otherwise commonplace event.

The look of amazement deepening into disgust upon Blondell's face, the broken ejaculation which escaped his lips, were compensation for all they had undergone to find him,—and apparently it was not a little.

"We hear of you at Oban," said the little man. "We hear you are in this district. To-day we are at Staffa, at Iona, and we see you with our own eyes. We see your yacht, your beautiful sails, your charming company on board—we see all

this so nise, and so — what you call it? — tantalizing? is that it, the word? We see —”

“How on earth did you see all this?” broke out Blundell, staring from one to the other.

“Do I not tell you? We are in that steamboat which did pass you, two — three hours ago. Oh, we have glasses, and we see it all! But we come not at you. The captain, he is a brute, he will not put us off. So then, we must go back with him, and get out when we toch — what is the name?” turning to his companion.

“Oh, shut up!” replied the other. “Ralph, old chap,” looking towards Elsie, who had risen and drawn back on their approach, “we did not expect to find the company still here; you will hardly have room to lodge us if you have a party.”

“Miss Calverley is going ashore in the boat that brought you here; at least I presume you came in my boat?”

“Oh yes, certain,” resumed the little man. “We see the boat from the shore; we think they fish, and they come when we call. We cry ‘Halloo! Halloo! —’”

“I say, aren’t you glad to see us?” interrupted the other, with an expressive smile. “Try to say so, if you can, just for civility’s sake, you know.”

“Shot if I am!” retorted Blundell, the first gleam of good-humor appearing in his face. “We are not victualled for cannibals. But” — lower — “wait till I see them off. Here, Tom! you remember Chaworth? Now, look sharp, or you won’t get over the rocks to-night! Now, Miss Calverley.”

“Thank him for the sail, quick!” exhorted Tom, as Elsie in silence took her seat in the boat.

Then, looking up, as they let go, he called out, cheerily, “You’ll all come up to-morrow, — won’t you?”

“Who are they, Tom?” asked his cousin, as soon as they were out of hearing.

“That tall one with the moustache was Chaworth. You have heard me talk of him before. I don’t know who the other was. How queer of Blundell not to tell us he was expecting them to-night!”

“Perhaps they came before they were due,” said Elsie, who had good reason for the supposition. “How much pleasanter it is to-night than it has been all day! Listen to the corncrakes!”

Going home, she took his arm; she even asked for it. “Tom, I am still giddy — I can’t walk properly; let me take hold of you.”

Poor Tom! As she said it, there came wafted towards them the bitter scent of the bog-myrtle bruised beneath their feet; and all his life afterwards he remembered that perfume.

For some minutes after the boat left, there was silence on the Juanita’s deck. It was broken by the German, saying softly to himself, with a series of running nods towards the retreating figures, —

“Yes, yes; that is ve-rie nise.”

“Rather a mistake — wasn’t it?” said Chaworth, in his hearty way. “Awfully sorry, you know. We shouldn’t have done it upon any account, if we had had the slightest idea; should we, Heinsicht? Don’t bear malice, old fellow.”

A face of wood could not have remained more immovable than did that of the man under scrutiny.

Adroit evasion, as much as sharp repartee, would have been useless. The face said, “You know so much, which I can’t help; but just find out some more, will you?”

“And what am I to do with you, since you are here?” said Blundell, at last, beginning to recover. “Where are your traps?”

“At Oban; at the big place there. We have only come down upon you for the night. We sha’n’t trouble you further.”

Chaworth stroked his moustache ceremoniously as he spoke, and slightly drew himself up. It was enough. The arrow found its mark. “*Trouble me?*” said his friend, quite kindly. “Don’t be a fool, Jack.”

Thus conquered, Blundell became at once the docile and attentive host.

In person he bustled over the arrangement of their quarters, and the preparations for their entertainment; as much, it seemed, in atonement for his previous want of hospitality, as in excuse for it.

It was but a bit of a place, he hoped they would be comfortable, but it was their own doing, etc., etc. But it ended with this: whatever he had, they were welcome to share.

The other two, for their part, spared no pains to maintain the good-will at length excited.

They ate vigorously, drank with moderation, and on Blundell’s excusing himself from joining them on deck afterwards, on the plea that he had given up smoking, and had letters to write, appeared to be not only sensible of the evil effects of cigars, but to be on the point of giving them up themselves.

The letters to be written resolved them-

selves into one short note; and in two minutes he had dashed off the first page.

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY, — The friends for whom I have been waiting so long, having at length made their appearance —"

Here he stopped to blot, before turning the leaf; and on reading over what he had written, in order to catch up the thread on the other side, suddenly tore the sheet in pieces. "No; hang it! I won't go, throwing a lie behind me!"

Second note: —

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY, — My friends who arrived unexpectedly last night are anxious to be off early to-morrow morning, so —"

"Why, this is as bad as the other! What *am* I to say? A fellow must make some excuse."

The few bald lines which finally found their way to the breakfast-table at Gourloch ran as follows: —

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY, — Tom will have told you of the arrival of my friends last night. We are taking advantage of the fair breeze to be off early to-morrow, so I am afraid I shall not be able to call and thank you for all your kind hospitality. Should we pass here on our way south, I hope to find you still at Gourloch. With kind remembrances to all your circle, believe me yours truly,

"R. BLUNDELL."

"When did this come?" inquired the lady to whom it was addressed, as she lifted it from her plate.

"It was handed into the ludge a while ago, my leddy," replied Davie, hovering about to hear if anything particular were contained in the epistle. Lady Calverley looked at the envelope with curious indecision, and after several minutes' delay, inquired, absently, —

"This morning?"

"This mornin' or last night — naeboddy said."

"What does he say?" cried Tom, impatiently.

Elsie, in startled silence, thought she knew. Pauline *did* know.

From her lattice window she had seen the white sails hoisted as the dawn was breaking — had seen the vessel glide swiftly past over a grey sea, whose waves were washing the rocks — had seen it become a mere speck upon the water, then turn a point, and vanish; and an hour

after, there still knelt in the same place a motionless figure, whose face was turned upwards.

"What does he say, Aunt Ella?" demanded Tom, for the second time.

"Oh, read it for yourself, my dear," replied she, finding it easier to give this answer than any other, and beginning to play nervously with her cups and saucers as she spoke. "There is very little in it."

Tom seized the note.

"It cannot be *that*, then," thought Elsie; and Pauline troubled herself very little as to what it was. She could guess.

"Cool, that!" said Tom, and read it a second time with the provoking slowness common to his sex.

Then he indorsed the idea. "I call that uncommonly cool!"

No message to him! No notice of his invitation! No pretext for a departure so sudden! Such conduct merited but one epithet — it was "cool."

Just as if they were not good enough for his friends! No doubt the other fellow was some swell; but Chaworth — Chaworth had always been as jolly to him as possible; and, in fact, he had been forecasting to Elsie on their walk home the fun they would all have together.

It was a sad home-thrust to the self-complacency of early manhood, and Tom, in his vexation, thought not of the feelings of others. This was well.

The color which flooded and then fled from Elsie's cheek, the dilation of her eye, and the broken murmur which fell from her lips, were unmarked by any but Pauline.

Lady Calverley gave her whole attention to the tea-tray, making a hasty assault on the cups. Her niece was dear to her as a daughter, and with all the nobility of love, she would not look upon her in what might prove a moment to be forgotten.

The cream and sugar were put in all wrong; but with an easy air she dispensed her cups, nor took heed whether the slim fingers on her right hand trembled when stretched out, or no. Nor will we.

But Pauline, apart from her own feelings, was sorely troubled about her little cousin.

After the first shock, which had nearly discovered the state of her heart to all present, Elsie's pride rallied, and bore her up.

She went through her duties punctiliously, omitted nothing, neglected nothing, and was so gentle and considerate towards Tom, that he instinctively felt there was something wrong.



"What is the matter with Elsie, Pauline? Is she not well?"

"She has a headache to-day, I know," replied his sister.

"So have I. There is 'fire in the air,' as Alister says. I wish it would come here, and clear away those yellow clouds. Elsie," as she entered, "I'll tell you what you'll do for your headache. Come out and sit under the sycamore, and" — great effort of the mind — "I'll read to you."

"May I come too?" said Pauline, afraid that the scheme would end in disappointment — Elsie being inattentive, Tom chagrined.

The disappointment, however, was of another kind. Elsie, too anxious to please, missed the mark. She liked it very much *indeed* — would like to have more, and then — made some excuse to slip away.

"There *is* something wrong about her," said Tom. "I say, look here" — turning his head aside, and looking at the sea.

"Is she — thinking — about *him*?"

Now for it, Pauline!

How can she shelter Elsie, comfort Tom, speak the truth, and reveal nothing? She hesitated, casting about in her mind for some way out of the slough of perplexity.

"She is, then?" said Tom.

His husky voice spoke volumes.

"Tom," said she, with her arm round his neck, and her cheek laid on his curls, "never mind her now. She is so young, and she has never seen anybody. Don't think any more about it. But be to her just as you used to be, and don't — try to — to please her *too* much."

"Have I done that?" said he, lifting his head, amazed.

"I think so, sometimes. Let her alone now. She will care for you some day."

"Are you a prophet, Pauline?"

"Yes, I am going to be a prophet for you."

"What a shame it was!" broke out Tom, after a long silence. "He was always making up to *you* —" He stopped short.

The arm round his neck pressed it a little tighter, but nothing was said.

"I say, he isn't worth caring twopence about."

"Never mind him, dear."

"You have been awfully good," continued Tom, brokenly. "I didn't know — I never thought — somehow I forgot you. But you are not bothering after him, are you?"

She had borne much, but this from Tom — from her rough-and-ready jocund

brother — was the soft sun-touch upon ice, and her lip began to quiver like an infant's ere it cries.

Tom looked hastily round, and rose with a sense of awe.

He had never kissed his sister spontaneously in his life; but now, as he passed, he rubbed something into her face, and though it was only his ear and a portion of his cheek, she understood.

Then he went off by himself, whilst she remained behind, for each was best alone.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PROCESS.

A SILENT sea, a becalmed vessel, and two men lying on its deck smoking.

"I have not yet made up my mind," said Heinsicht.

Blundell. — "You mean to make it up before you die, I suppose?"

"I suppose, yes."

"Otherwise you will have to make it up pretty sharp afterwards."

"Bah! there is no creed in heaven."

"Don't trouble yourself as to what there is in heaven, my friend, — *you* won't be there."

"*Teufel!* What you mean?" exclaimed the German, angrily.

"That's about it. Ask him. He'll tell you. Do you imagine he means to let you off after you have had all your share of the bargain? Nothing of the sort. All you have to do is to go on the way you're going, and you will walk to the devil as straight as any fellow ever did in this world."

"You English!" broke out the German, passionately. "That is so like you, with your cold-hearted, steelf, supercilious speech! You have no minds, no — no perception; you are as hard and dry as these boards. *This* is right, and *that* is wrong; and this you must do, or you must not do. You always want to dominate. It is a crime, a — a wickedness to think for one's self. In Germany we say, I go my way, you go yours; both are good; we will meet at the end. Here it is, if you go not my way you go to the devil. I hate this narrow, this *thin* talk. It is only for a woman, who will do what her priest tells her. I would not make my life like yours for great worlds. I would sooner be dead."

"I did not mean to offend you, Heinsicht; we are both saying what we think, you know."

"You do *not* think, that is it. You are saying what is told you; what you think you *must* say. And why? Because you

have been ill; you have had the — what is it? — the nightmare. You will get better; you will shake it off. Who would be frightened into believing what his reason refuses? That is childish."

"I believe you are right. My reason has certainly not had much voice in the matter."

"Why," continued Heinsicht, pursuing his advantage, "listen to this. Look upon me. In Germany I am a very good Lutheran; in Italy I am a Catholic; here I am anything. I meet with very good people, very *nice* people, everywhere. I enjoy my life. I take all that is good, and trouble myself not more. But you, you are sombre, *misantropic*, miserable. You take no wine, no beer; you go to no little parties; you have no books, no pictures, and you make yourself as unheppy as you can. You tell me I am to go to the devil. I say, you have gone to the devil already."

"Humph!" said Blundell, thoughtfully. After a pause, he added, "Heinsicht, did you ever see a man die?"

"If I had not," replied his companion, "that would be a strange thing. Seen it? Yes. Once, twice, hondreds of times."

"In the war, I suppose; but I mean in cold blood."

"Yes, I tell you, yes. What then?"

"When your own turn might be the next?"

"And this," said Heinsicht, with immeasurable contempt — "this is what a man comes to when he is aff — raid! This is what has taken the life — the — the ghost out of a man thirty years of age! He has had one little sight of danger, and he runs away from all his friends —"

"Confound you!"

"Ah! take care. You most not say the naughty words. They are bad, ve-rie bad. You most take care, such care, for you have your salvation to accomplish. Are you sure now, quite sure, Blondell, that the little smoke, the cigar, does not make all wrong? You had given it up a month ago, you know."

"What has that fool been jabbering about now?" inquired Chaworth, with a glance at his friend's face, as he met him turning away. "He grows to be a nuisance."

"I am the fool to let him jabber."

"Are you going below?"

"Yes."

"You have been at it again," said Chaworth, seating himself in the vacant place, with a look of displeasure; "you know the sort of temper he has, and you haven't

the sense to let him alone. What is the use of going about making yourself disagreeable?"

The German smiled.

"It's so confoundedly unpleasant to be always having you two fighting," continued Chaworth. "If there's one thing I hate, it is to be with fellows who are always putting each other's backs up."

"I say nothing. It is not my fault."

"You have the most infernal way of saying nothing that ever man had. What is it about now?"

"Oh, we talk," said Heinsicht, complacently; "we talk, and compare. I give him a little of what you call chaff, and he does not like it. He is difficult to please. But listen" — here he puffed out a long, slow stream of vapor before proceeding — "listen, Chaworth; it is all to the good. To-day he is angry, to-morrow he is sorry; again he is angry, and again sorry. Through it all the words remain. He is coming to himself."

As usual, the quarrel was patched up, and the three continued together, cruising among the northern islands of the west coast, until the latter end of October, when a long spell of bad weather made them begin to weary of the monotony of their life.

"Jack," said Blundell, one day, when he and his old friend were by themselves; "what do you suppose those people at Gourloch think of me?"

"It is difficult to divine people's thoughts," replied Jack; "I never can be sure of my own."

"It was very bad, you know."

"I can quite believe it."

"It was the oddest thing your turning up just when you did. Five minutes later and I stood committed. Poor little thing! She was an uncommonly pretty girl, I can tell you."

"You are not quite come to matrimony yet, old fellow. But, however, if you had cared in the least about it, you could hardly have done better. A Scotch moor for the autumn months would not be a bad thing — not by any means," cocking his head sagaciously upon one side. "If you think of it, we could call on our way back. You left that open, you remember."

"What should you say," replied Blundell, with rather a foolish smile, "if it proved to be the other one I went back to see?"

"I should say," replied Jack, coolly, "that it was very like you."

"Like me! How?"

"Knocking down your own schemes is

an amusement you have been addicted to all your life."

"There was no scheme in the matter. It was simply this — they came in my way, and I had nothing else to do. Going about by one's self without a soul to speak to —"

"Your own fault, all the same," observed his friend.

"Well," assented Blundell, "you know how it was."

"I say," he broke out, after a pause, "you have not been talking about it to Heinsicht, have you?"

"Who — I? I talk to a beastly German! I say, let us get rid of him. He had too much again last night."

"What did you bring him down upon us for? I never could endure the brute."

"Neither could I." Chaworth knocked the ashes off his cigar. "Let's kick him overboard."

"I'll tell you what, Jack. We'll leave the yacht to find her own way back to Southampton, and you and I will be off to Paris."

"Done with you. And what about *der Deutsche*?"

"You ship him; I can't. Make up some excuse, and you and I will have our things packed, and be off to-morrow."

Accordingly, Blundell was arranging his papers in the saloon, with an open port-manteau by his side, when "Yaha! yahoo! I thought it was a toad!" — came from the inner cabin; and Jack, dancing out upon bare toes, dangled into his face a soft shapeless mass, which he held suspended, apparently by the legs.

"What on earth have you got there?"

"Here, take it!" cried the apparition.

"Get out!" responded the other, drawing back, hastily. "What is it?"

It was a dead rose — a rose which, from pressure and want of air, had not shrivelled up, but was a sodden, discolored pulp.

"What is it, then?" said Heinsicht, inquisitively, the noise having drawn him from his retreat. As he spoke he stretched forward a nose, which was ugly with the obtrusive, aggressive ugliness which Germany alone is capable of producing. A nose which had swept outward with a rush, and hesitated, before deciding upon the upward movement which it had finally adopted. "What is then the toad?" said he.

Blundell had turned away, as if annoyed by the interruption.

"What a confounded row to make about nothing!"

"Where did you find it?" continued Heinsicht, looking from one to the other.

"It found me, I can tell you," said Jack.

"I was going to bed, having nothing else to do, and in the dark I trod upon the beggar. Here, Ralph, it's for you."

"Ah!" said Heinsicht, drawing in his breath, as a closer inspection revealed to him the nature of the supposed toad. "I see now. It is a little relic, a treasure. It has fallen into the wrong hands, Blundell. You must take it, and keep it, and wear it here — here," touching his breast as he spoke. "That is where a lady's tokens should be laid."

"Who mentioned a lady?" said Blundell, keeping his temper with an evident effort. "Have you never seen me with a rose in my buttonhole? I say, I have got a lot of work to do to-night; just go off, and leave me alone, like good fellows."

It was past midnight ere the work was finished, and he went on deck for a breath of fresh air before turning in for the night.

A scene of wild and solemn beauty awaited him there.

They had anchored in a narrow basin whose waters were seldom ruffled, and whose depths of shade were at this time rendered still more intense, by the single broad streak of silver which shot across the opening.

All around, giant mountains, sunk in their endless lethargy, rose into an empty moonlit heaven. Parts of them, ghostly in their brightness, stood out to view, but the greater portion was a vast, indistinguishable mass, without form and void.

No living thing stirred on land or sea. Not a sound vibrated on the ear.

The solitary beholder of this sublime spectacle, Blundell, was not of a nature to view it with indifference.

It was at this midnight hour, when free from the observation of his companions, that he had of late sought, at times, to recall the feelings which had influenced him so powerfully a few months before.

The suspicion that he was no longer impressed as he had formerly been by the remembrance of the appalling scene, with which he had been wont to feed his imagination, had changed into a certainty. He had used it as the most potent means of exciting his fading energies into a fresh maintenance of the new life he desired to lead. It had palled at length, and every time he would have tried the effect anew, it had proved to be the weaker.

So great had been the first shock, that by one mighty upheaval it had torn up the old life by the roots.

Then the empty heart, swept and garished, remained vacant, with the door open. And now, alas! the banished spirit was on the watch, eager to regain his lost possession.

"It has been no fault of mine," and then followed the bitter cry, the amazing accusation of the man yielding up the mastery, "*It was God's fault who sent those men here!*"

The struggle was at an end; he was vanquished. Before he went to sleep, he softly undid the little window, picked up the rose, and let it float away upon the water.

#### BLUNDELLSAYE.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE FIRST PLUNGE.

Fog, and mist, and rain,  
Dark, and sad, and grey,  
Floating over the quiet land—  
Oh, dull November day!

Fear, and doubt, and care,  
Dark, and sad, and grey,  
My misty thoughts are ta'en from you,  
Oh, dull November day!

THERE are certain mornings in the year, on which it seems appropriate and natural to hear of a misfortune.

On such a day the leaves are dropping from the trees, the wind moans dismally, over the plains there hangs a dense white veil, the heavens above are dark, and the air is chill. Almost *any* event would be welcomed—almost anything of any kind, to stir up, were it even to wrath, the stagnant pool of commonplace, which engulfs life for the time being. The postman has been.

Has he indeed? You turn your eyes from side to side—your anxious, longing, letter-loving eyes, and they see nothing. Stay, you are wrong: there is one poor, ill-favored, thin, blue, marrowless epistle; it lies on your own plate.

Is that *all*?

Yea, verily. Toss it aside, throw it from you—it is a delusion, an impostor, a bill.

Nay, but in that letter lies your fate, dear reader: lower your scornful, discontented eyelids; give, I pray you, one glance, and think it not too small a matter for your notice.

Therein—you start! Your lips open! Your eyes dilate!

Now, what is the meaning of this? What has caused that sudden flush, followed by so deadly a pallor? Why that trembling hand, that sinking into the chair

by your side, that blank, unresponsive gaze? Are you stricken deaf and dumb? Is there a ringing in your ears, a rushing at your heart—a lightning-flash of perception that, one minute before, you had been happy?

And the letter is so short. It only contains the negative you had taught yourself to believe would never come; the failure that, with your talents and influence, had seemed to be out of the question; the death-blow to expectation, long as your life; or the curt statement, that a little toy you had amused yourself with had not turned out as well as had been expected.

Some such trifle. And at length you find a mask wherewith to smile and repel intrusion—or, it may be, only breath to wonder and weep; and through Novembers to come, when the sky is grim, and the earth is dank, and the wind howls, you will sigh and whisper, "It happened on just such a day as this!"

So perchance will sigh Pauline, when the ills of poverty have come home to her, and she has learned to know something of its stern pressure. When that uninteresting envelope had been opened, and the few lines perused which conveyed the intelligence that she and Tom were penniless, the brave girl had made light of the matter. If Tom, she said, could be brought not to mind—if he would lay his shoulder to the wheel, and work as a man should—it would signify little to either of them that they must from henceforth forego the luxuries, and confine their wishes to the necessities, of life. Neither of them cared for luxuries—they had no expensive habits—they would manage excellently. She was only sorry that so much had been said about a trouble which was really not worth the sympathy expended upon it.

Poor, simple, grandiloquent Pauline!

What she would have done without the shelter offered by her father's sister, Mrs. Wyndham, it would be impossible to say; and yet she could hardly be prevailed upon to accept it.

Why should she not be allowed to stay and make a home for Tom in London, where his guardians had, with some difficulty, secured for him a place in a counting-house? Tom's poor lodging would be lonely and dull. It was only when she had been made to understand that her brother might be absolutely hampered instead of benefited by such an arrangement, that she could be brought to abandon it.

So she is to live with Mrs. Wyndham.

Nothing of this relation has hitherto been mentioned. To her niece she is



almost a stranger, their paths in life having lain in different directions; and Pauline's remembrance of her, if not altogether flattering, is indistinct. At present, the lady is staying with the Jermyns at Harmony Court, in B—shire. The river is sweeping along in flood under the windows; the meadows beyond are one vast swamp; and the clouds, yet heavy with rain to come, move solemnly over the sky, and close in the prospect.

Mrs. Wyndham looks out of the low, folding windows, and shudders; but the Grange, of which she has lately concluded a purchase, is not yet ready for her reception, and she has been unable to resist the entreaties of her dear sister-in-law and good husband, and the sweet girls, to come to them in the mean time.

"They had *so* enjoyed her last visit in the summer," writes Mrs. Jermyn, "that although they have *nothing* to offer — no amusements, no company, no *sunshine* even — still they cannot but hope that dear Camilla will *take pity* upon *them*, and will allow them to look forward to the *great pleasure* of seeing her. They must indeed confess that the country is sadly destitute of *charms* at this time of year. They cannot compete with Brighton; and if Brighton is their dear Camilla's choice, they certainly ought not to *complain* although they should hardly be able to forbear feeling *disappointment*."

This excellently rounded period, with a good deal more of the same sort, hints, cajoleries, and insinuations, was exactly suited to the person for whom it was intended.

Mrs. Wyndham's good-nature, which was her strongest, and her vanity which was her weakest, point, were alike flattered. With all her inclinations, and the greater part of her worldly goods, in Brighton, she consented to quit the cheerful, noisy, tempting streets, with their daily variety of congenial bustle, and immure herself in a dull country-house, at the bidding of relations who themselves allowed that there was no excuse for the unreasonableness of their request.

Why such a request had been made we may be permitted to wonder.

To Mrs. Wyndham it was naturally a simple one. Which of us foolish ones is amazed at any anxiety for our presence? We are not dull, or frivolous, or empty-headed to ourselves. We are not, in our own eyes, ordinary-looking men and women, whose appearance to a stranger is so uninteresting, that the infirmity or defect we feel so keenly and take such pains to

conceal, is passed over by him, unnoticed.

Look at that little man smiling to himself in the corner. Having been told to look at him, you see that he is there, and that he has red whiskers and a brown greatcoat. But how fussy was that little man over the cut and color of that greatcoat, before it was made to his satisfaction! How particular that his brown necktie — *you* would not even know that he had on a brown necktie — should match it in shade! There is the finger of a brown kid glove peeping from his pocket! And his stick has a silver band, with his initials thereon engraved; and his hat is some wonderful hat, and his boots are some wonderful boots, and everything about him is chosen with care and pains, for he is the centre of lifelong devotion and occupation to one human being — himself.

Your cousin Angeline is a nonentity, and a troublesome creature to boot. Nobody cares to have her for their guest, and it is with difficulty you extract from the head of the house the invitation, which duty alone prompts you to send her. But Angeline, unconscious and important, looks at it differently. She is doubtful about accepting, does not send a decided negative (for which you would be thankful), but will reply in a few days. She hopes she *may* be able to come, only she has so many engagements, and having postponed other invitations, she would not like anybody to be hurt. May she leave it an open question? Would it be inconvenient if she were to offer herself by-and-by? She will consult the others, and see what they say, etc., etc., etc., to the tune of three sheets of a letter, all about this momentous question.

Listen to the narrator of an anecdote. How often he has been called "My dear fellow," by the great man whom the anecdote is about! How earnestly has his opinion been sought, and how authoritatively has he laid down the law, in reply! One marvels at the deference paid to such a weakling — until one remembers that the weakling is the speaker. Even as you look upon him, he beholds your gaze, and metamorphoses it. He is his own centre of all things. The universe moves around him.

Mrs. Wyndham, as we have said, saw nothing extraordinary in her sister-in-law's letter, nothing to wonder at, that a little fidgety, twaddling woman, encumbered with fancies, whims, likings, and dislikings, destitute of resources, and dependent on those around her for amusement, should be eagerly solicited to become a member

of a quiet family party. A few plaintive regrets she gave to Brighton, and set forth to gratify the praiseworthy desire.

Harmony Court had been intended for a purely summer residence by its first proprietor, a man of refined tastes, and delicate health, who passed the autumn and winter months in a warm climate, returning to England towards the latter end of May. At that season of the year, he found a perfect paradise of repose in the long, low building, nestling amid its creepers, and was accustomed, when absent, to recall with delight its velvet lawn, swept by the weeping ash and willow, its cool colonnade of roses, its sparkling river, and bell-tongued nightingales.

But Mr. Jermyn, the next possessor of the property, was unfortunately not able to preserve the charming picture, complete, in his mind. He had stretched a point to buy the place, and, having bought it, he meant to live at it. He had neither the means nor the inclination to move his family from one spot to another; and accordingly Harmony Court, exulted in from May to October, had to be endured from October to May.

Mrs. Jermyn, indeed, had the usual ladylike excuses of her doctor, her dentist, or her dressmaker, always ready, when a run up to town was felt to be desirable; and invitations for Charlotte and Minnie were usually accepted; but still there was ample experience to be had by all, that the most beautiful and bewitching retreat in the "leafy month of June," is commonly the most unwholesome and unlovely in the leafless month of November.

It is at this most doleful season of the year, however, that Mrs. Wyndham has been persuaded to transfer herself and her belongings to B—shire, in which, during her summer infatuation, she had purchased a comfortable residence, within easy distance of the Jermyns. Her stay at Harmony Court has been prolonged from one week to another, and still the Grange is not ready, and still Mrs. Jermyn presses her not to leave them. Pauline shall be made welcome also—there is room, abundance of room; and accordingly Pauline is expected upon the afternoon on which we now take up our tale.

The ladies are sipping their tea in the drawing-room. Mrs. Jermyn, stout and fair, with rather too much cap on her head, and rather more than enough smile on her face, lounges in the easy-chair by the fire. By the table are the two daughters of the house—Charlotte, tall, talkative, clever; Minnie, ordinary.

Mrs. Wyndham in the armchair opposite, toys with the screen which her still delicate complexion renders necessary, if she is to enjoy dear Selina's charming fire. The lace at the back of her little head is costly, diamonds sparkle on her fingers, and everything about her is rich and valuable.

Perhaps we may now suspect why she is invariably "dear Camilla," and "your dear aunt," and "our dear guest," in Mrs. Jermyn's lips; and why it is only when mamma's back is turned, and papa's too, that Charlotte Jermyn crouches down to half her height, and minces about the room, simpering and grimacing, talking nonsense in a finely accented voice, and cackling a little artificial laugh.

How angry mamma would be if she knew!

It is very wrong, very *undutiful*, to laugh at one's own relations. It is extremely *absurd* to lie at the catch for small defects. So kind, so indulgent an aunt! What would Charlotte and Minnie do without Aunt Camilla, who treats them as if they were her *own* children, and takes them to town, and makes them all those *beautiful* presents? She hopes that none of her children will ever be found *ungrateful*. She cannot answer for others; Camilla of course knows best about her own relations, but—and the head is shaken portentously.

They are discussing the new arrangement, you understand; and Charlotte has been incautious.

Mamma cannot conceive what she means, is really astonished that a daughter of hers should be found wanting in *respect*. She considers that Pauline is quite in luck, quite *in luck* to find such a charming home. After such a sad misfortune, such a miserable business altogether, to have fallen on her feet as she has! No hardships, no privations, only the kindest and most *generous* of relations waiting to receive her with open arms!

"And kill her in a week!" breaks out the rebellious daughter. "You need not look so indignant, mamma. She will do it with the best intentions. Oh, yes: she will call her 'my dear,' and 'my love,' and beg her to take care of her health, and insist on her going out every day in the carriage, and not walking too far, and not reading too much, and not doing anything else in the world than sitting by her side, listening to her ceaseless clatter, clatter, clatter from morning till night."

"Charlotte! I— We were just having a little discussion about your do-

mestic affairs, Camilla," explains Mrs. Jermyn, as her sister-in-law's entrance rather alters the nature of that discussion, and annihilates the response she had begun. "Minnie, a footstool for your aunt. Cold, dear? A little shawl for your shoulders? Minnie will fetch one in a moment. What were we saying? Oh, it was about your future inmate at the Grange. I only hope, my dear, that it will not be too much for you; the charge, I mean, the complete *charge* of a great girl like that! And such a risk as living together always is! You must let us know—that we shall *insist* upon—if it does not answer, and some other plan must be adopted. We shall feel ourselves responsible for the comfort of the Grange, as it was *we* who introduced you to the neighborhood."

Mrs. Wyndham has had this fact impressed upon her memory rather oftener than she cares for, already; but she is in the habit of considering Selina a good creature, and makes allowance for her anxiety on a point where anxiety cannot but be flattering.

Mrs. Jermyn runs on. "It ought to be considered in the light of a *trial*, not to be *permanent*, unless all goes on smoothly. If it suits, well. If not, dear, you *promise* to take us into confidence?"

Selina is really *too* kind. Of course it is a *risk*, and Mrs. Wyndham cannot but feel *nervous*; but still, what else *could* she do? She could not allow the poor dear child to *starve*, and her own *nearest* relation too, her dear *brother's* child.

Camilla is not to be outdone on her own special ground; when these two get together, every second word is accentuated.

"I suppose," responds Mrs. Jermyn, wincing a little under the last observation, "that she has not been much out into the world—that she is little more than a great girl?"

"As tall as Charlotte, my love, and looks older, if anything. Dark-haired people always do look old. That, you know, is proverbial. It is we blondes who keep our youth, I can tell you," proclaims the faded beauty. "We cannot look old if we would. As Colonel Grafton said to me the other day, 'My dear madam,' he said, 'you cannot look old if you would!'"

Mrs. Jermyn protests that the colonel is right. Her dear sister does not look with-in *years* of her age, though indeed what that age may be she cannot pretend to *guess*, for she vows she cannot believe, and does not believe, what the family date tells. "Charlotte, your aunt will take an-

other cup of tea. Oh, pray! My dear Camilla, you need not be afraid of *embonpoint*."

"*Embonpoint*! now really!" The screen is thrown playfully forward in the direction of the other armchair.

"But it must be half, and half only, then," suffering her cup to be taken. "Just because your mamma presses me. Now, dear Selina, are you sure, quite, absolutely *sure* that it will not inconvenience you to have Pauline? Not in the *least*?"

"A pleasure, dear—a *pleasure*."

"You are so hospitable. For one week, then; our workmen promise to be gone in one week."

"And if they are not, Camilla, so much the better." And so on, and so on.

Into the midst of all this steps Pauline, with a cold, quiet face. Effusive greetings, embraces, questions, and hubbub follow.

"Self-possessed," comments a certain pair of searching eyes; "decidedly self-possessed. That sort of manner seldom takes. But she is one of the handsomest girls I have ever seen." Aloud, Mrs. Jermyn is saying pleasantly, "Now I think our traveller would like to take off her warm things, and have a rest before dinner. Would you not, Pauline—am I to call you Pauline? We are very nearly relations, you know, and now we are going to be neighbors as well. You must feel this room hot after coming in from the open air. Charlotte will show you your room, my dear, and I hope it will be comfortable. I think I must stay by the fire-side and nurse my cold, as we are engaged to dine out to-morrow evening."

The last announcement was made with a little air that would at once have conveyed to an initiated ear that the dining out referred to was not an ordinary event in the household; but it was lost on Pauline.

With a polite hope that the lady would soon be better, she followed Charlotte, and was ushered up-stairs.

"Good-looking! No, I don't call her so very good-looking! What do you say, Charlotte?" Mrs. Wyndham is peevishly exclaiming, as Charlotte re-enters the drawing-room. "Anybody looks well coming in out of the fresh air, among such a set of pasty faces as we have got. What have we all been about, moping indoors the whole afternoon? Why don't you girls go out? I have a great mind to take a turn myself. But no, I should certainly catch cold in this dreadful fog. Ah! what a climate it is! And what a situation you have got here, my dear children! I

trust I shall be fit for Sir John's dinner-party. I am beginning to cough already."

"Put a little coal on the fire, Charlotte," suggests her mother. "Why did you come down so soon, my love?"

"I did not know I was to stay, mamma."

"Could you not have given her some little help? She has no maid, you know, and with all her things to unpack —"

"I will go back again by-and-by. She did not want me just now, I am sure."

"Let the poor thing alone, can't you?" mutters Charlotte, under her breath.

So Pauline is left with the letter in her hand, which had waited for her on the drawing-room mantelpiece since the day before.

It is from Tom, who is staying with some friends in the north. He is going to London to begin his work there, in a few days. Meantime they are having good sport, and there is a houseful of people, and it is very jolly.

All this his sister reads musingly; but she comes to a part by-and-by on which her eyes fasten, and a keen, eager look darts into her face. This dies away, and, with dropping eyelids, there follows the sob, and cry, "If I had only been sent anywhere — anywhere else!"

There is a tap at the door, her hands unclasp, she tries to look composed, and turns away her head. "Come in." The accents are stiff and uninviting, and Charlotte is more convinced than ever that her errand will be unwelcome.

"I came to help you to unpack," replies the intruder, ungraciously. "Can I —" But here she catches sight of the beautiful young face, which had lately seemed to them all so cold and proud, now flushed, and quivering in pain, and it is, "Oh, do let me stay, dear! I like to be with you, and I am so glad you came," followed by a warm, honestly affectionate kiss, that finds its way to the heart at once.

From The Quarterly Review.  
THE KITCHEN AND THE CELLAR.\*

It is now more than forty years ago since a writer in this review discoursed,

\* 1. *Le Livre de Cuisine*. Par Jules Gouffé, comprenant la "Cuisine de Ménage" et la "Grande Cuisine," avec 25 planches imprimées en chromolithographie, et 161 vignettes sur bois. Paris, 1867.

2. *L'Art de la Cuisine Française au Dix-neuvième Siècle*. *Traité théorique et pratique, suivi de dissertations culinaires et gastronomiques, utiles aux*

with a perfect knowledge of the subject, on the science with which a dinner should be served and the art with which it should be eaten.\* The popularity which his remarks obtained, when separately published under the title of "The Art of Dining," proved that that generation appreciated his summary of the laws of gastronomical observation in relation to their food and wines. Would that it were in our power to say that there has been since that day real progress as well in that art as in the science of cookery in England! It would be unreasonable to expect that material prosperity should bring in its train the plain and simple refinement of taste due to other conditions than those of mere wealth.

Our present object being entirely practical, we do not propose to go into the history of cookery. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to do so; for it would be difficult, if not impossible, to improve on the general sketch, given by the author of "The Art of Dining," of the history of cookery from the earliest period up to 1789; and his account of the celebrated cooks of the Empire and the Restoration is one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of the subject.

A glance at the present state of gastronomical science will show us that the French, while still very perfect in it, are scarcely on a par with their forefathers of the period of the Restoration; nor shall we accept the *Café Anglais*, the *Café Voisin*, good as its cellar is, still less the *Maison Dorée* of the present day, in place of the *Frères Provençaux*, *Philippe's*, and

*progrès de cet Art*. Par M. Antonin Carême. Paris, 1833.

3. *Modern Domestic Cookery*. By a Lady. A new edition, based on the Work of Mrs. Rundell. 245th Thousand. London, 1865.

4. *Cuisine de Tous les Pays: Etudes Cosmopolites, avec 220 dessins composés pour la démonstration*. Par Urbain Dubois, chef de cuisine de leurs Majestés Royales de Prusse. Paris, 1868.

5. *Cosmopolitan Cookery: Popular Studies, with 310 Drawings*. By Urbain Dubois. London, 1870.

6. *Gastronomy as a Fine Art, or the Science of Good Living. A Translation of the "Physiologie du Goût" of Brillat-Savarin*. By R. E. Anderson, M.A. London, 1877.

7. *Buckmaster's Cookery: being an abridgement of some of the Lectures delivered in the Cookery School at the International Exhibition for 1873 and 1874; together with a collection of approved Recipes and Menus*. London.

8. *The Art of Dining; or Gastronomy and Gastronomers*. New Edition. London, 1853.

9. *Report on Cheap Wines*. By Dr. Druitt. London, 1873.

10. *The Third Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the National Training School for Cooks, for the year ending 31st March, 1876*.

\* See *Quarterly Review* article on "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," in July 1835, and article on Mr. Walker's "Original," in February, 1836.



Véfour's of the past. If we turn northward to Belgium we shall find much that is good in cooking and eating known, if not universally practised, whilst in reference to wine the Belgians surpass all other countries in their intimate acquaintance with, and accurate knowledge of the best vintages of Burgundy. In Great Britain we may hope that we are on the path of progress, some elements of race not unfavorable to gastronomical observation at times appearing in our strange mixture of Teutonic with other blood.

The wealth of America brings in its train some new recipes in the preparation of oysters and lobsters, and its indigenous birds offer to the *gourmet* a new subject for discourse, and fresh test for the faculties he possesses.

Passing again northward, we find the whole science ruthlessly ignored by the pure Teutonic race of the German Empire; \* and if gastronomy has not vainly claimed its due consideration in the empire of the Cossacks, it is rather because the Russians have had immense advantages by the importation of French artists at astounding prices; and in their rivalry with Western civilization, have introduced the certain advantages of croquettes with *julienne* soup; while they serve in their truly hospitable fashion that noble fish, the sterlet, in a form and with a sauce that we rarely meet with elsewhere. Nor is their caviare to be overlooked, although in western Europe we rarely find it, as with them, of that pale green color which denotes an absence of salt. South and eastward we come upon remnants of the Teutonic race mixed up with Czech and Slavonic blood, and in consequence we find that singular view of gastronomic philosophy which obtains in Vienna, where people will neither dine at the right hour, eat dishes in their right places, nor insist on their cooks roasting in place of baking, meats.

In Italy there was once a better state of science, but if it has retrograded, there are still hopes for a land where simple delicate forms of flour present models to the world; where tomatoes are indigenous, and rice has its cooks.

Let us add, that the science is not absolutely ignored in Turkey, nor looked upon as a vain and foolish thing in China and Japan. This generalization leaves untouched the position of the science in Spain, Portugal, our colonies, and the

lands outside Russia, where live the great Slavonic brotherhood. With these last, the imitative faculties promise a better future knowledge than will probably be the lot of the Spaniard, wrapped up in the dignified conceit of an aged people; or of our own colonists, the offspring of a race traditionally wedded to strong gravy soup, smoke-grilled chops, and plain boiled vegetables.

If we attempt to review the present aspect of gastronomical science, we must also take some note of drinking, and consider, too curiously perhaps for some, whether the prevalent notions about wines, what their quality should be, and when they are drunk, are based on sound principles. And however firmly convinced we may be that our views are sound, we readily admit that there is no infallibility in dogmas directed against other people's stomachs, and their habits of eating and drinking. Have we not the example of Brillat-Savarin in the neglect by the French of some of his most earnestly-insisted-on precepts? What did that eminent man say with reference to the use of the rinsing-glass after dinner? that it was "useless, indecent, and disgusting;" and who that has travelled has not known that sickening five minutes after dinner where the use of it obtains, and which, if universal, would make us seem to descend rather than advance in the refinements of civilized life? After Brillat-Savarin's efforts, how shall a humble writer hope to persuade Englishmen that they do not know what soup is, and that they rest in profound error in their abuse of champagne? The most to be hoped for is that further gastronomical observation will be encouraged, and that, the votaries of the science being multiplied, general ignorance will eventually be leavened; for we think that none will dispute that there is a decided lack of gastronomical knowledge amongst our countrymen. We well remember the indignation with which a friend, an M.P., in whose eyes dining is an art, after the precepts of the author of "The Art of Dining," and cooking an exact science, after the manner of Carême, recounted the fatal want of observation on the part of a common friend, whom we will call Brown. Brown was staying at Spa, at the same hotel as the M.P., and had been invited to join a party for a trip to that charming little spot, Chaudefontaine, where they were to dine. On his return, the M.P. cross-examined him as to the bill of fare, the wines, etc. The *menu* was tolerably well described, but on the subject of drink

\* We must accept, however, the once free city of Hamburg, where one Wilkins, a restaurateur, formerly had a dwelling-place.

Brown declared that they had had "champagne and claret, or something." "Now," observed our friend, "we all know that the party was under the direction of that best of judges of good liquor, Sir H. E.; and any man with the slightest knowledge of the district, and a feeling for art-dining, is aware that the commonest hotels abound in good Burgundy, and that no man of the baronet's experience would think of ordering claret in the Wallon country, if his guests were not absolutely averse to Burgundy."\*

Of one thing we may be sure, no British restaurateur will help the public to a knowledge of the art of dining. Individually or collectively they may run up piles of buildings, and tempt a *clientèle* by the cleanliness and beauty of their mural decoration; but when it comes to a question of food, even supposing the quality to be moderately good, every difficulty will be thrown in the way of a man and his wife, or brother and sister, to dine modestly, but with variety. For those who are not gourmands it is probable that one portion of soup and one of fish would suffice for two, but here the restaurateur (at least one that we could name), steps in and says, "You shall not have less than two portions, although one may suffice you; you shall pay me double for having placed before you what you don't want." Of course these men know their own business and the nature of their customers, but they must not come to us for a character as assistants in the great science under notice. At one or two good-class restaurants in the West End they still keep up the old French tradition of allowing you to order just so many portions for so many people as may please you, the only true method of permitting a varied repast at a moderate price.

Let us premise that, if we may seem to extol certain forms and methods of cooking as practised in France, it should be understood that this is far from supporting the introduction of what is known as French cookery into England. Hitherto what has been imported is practically a

good deal of cook's French, in the shape of titles to indifferent imitations of good dishes. Against these the Englishman naturally protests; and, as a rule, the manager of his household has yet to learn that in a French *cuisine bourgeoise* no shams are indulged in, and that simplicity and economy reign where we have waste and the master's despair.

The gastronomical observer, to be useful, need not trouble himself to examine how a great banquet should be prepared; that is the business of a *chef*. What he may inquire about should be, what are the elements in the cooking for a private household in France or elsewhere which can be imported with advantage into the English household?

We begin with what should form the beginning of every dinner, namely, soup. Our first observation addressed to our countrywomen who sway in the kitchen would be that, putting aside *purées* of peas, carrot, hare, grouse, etc., and speaking of cheap every-day refreshing soups, the liquid whereof they are made should be regarded as the vehicle for applying to the palate certain herbal flavors, a strengthening and nutritious vehicle if you will, but still a vehicle. A strong gravy-soup, the delight of the British cook, kills all herbal flavor, and if the palate is to be considered at all, it may be counted a sound gastronomical axiom that flavor and not sustenance is the first consideration at the beginning of a sound, well-ordered repast. The herbal flavors may vary; they may be derived from fresh vegetables in the spring-time passing under the title *à la jardinière*, from the cabbage and carrot as in the *croûte au pot*, or from the mixture made by the sage inventor of the *julienne* soup.

Strictly speaking, for the purposes of culinary education we must go, as Mr. Buckmaster has done in his lectures, to the *pot au feu* which Gouffé calls *l'âme de la cuisine de ménage*; but as we are now referring to the constituents of a dinner, let us see how *julienne*, the type of herbal soups, should be prepared, and compare it with the accepted *julienne* of clubs, restaurants, and cooks who prepare dinners for London parties. The cook, who knows his business, will take carrots, the red part only, turnips, celery, leeks, onions, cabbage, lettuce, sorrel, and chervil, in quantities proportionate to the number of persons he has to serve, and he will cut them up very small and thin. In France a special cutter is sold at the ironmongers' for the purpose. He will then pass the onions

\* It may be useful to the traveller abroad to know that nowhere is Burgundy to be obtained in such perfection as in the Wallon district of Belgium, comprising Liège, Namur, Spa, Dinant, etc. At little hosteleries in remote districts in the Ardennes you will get Burgundy that would be of value at great banquets in London. For some reason the climate and cellars of this district suit the wine, and the people have the sense to lay down enough of it. If the traveller's peregrinations take him towards Mons, Charleroi, or Valenciennes in France, he will be wise to ask for still red champagne, a delicate, fine wine, worthy of grave sipping and steady reflective observation.

and leeks over the fire, with a good-sized piece of butter. He will next throw all the rest of the vegetables, cut up as above, into boiling water and let them rest there five minutes, after which he will place them on a strainer to drip. When the water is drained off, he will add the onions and leeks, and put all in a saucepan (a copper one), add a little sugar and some butter, pour over them a little *bouillon* or soup, and proceed to *cook* them, by allowing them gently to simmer for a couple of hours when, being well cooked and tender, the *bouillon* or *consommé* (which should assimilate to a weak beef-tea) may be added and the soup served.

Gouffé differs somewhat from this formula, which was given us by Dubost Frères, the well-known restaurateurs in Brussels, who have since disposed of their business. Gouffé directs you to let your *consommé* simmer, with the herbs in it, for three hours, merely adding some lettuce and sorrel, chopped up ten minutes before serving. But we think he is inconsistent with previous precepts, for in his opening remarks about *bouillon* he insists that vegetables should not be left in it longer than necessary for their being cooked. We should add that *consommé* is a more expensive thing to make than *bouillon*, which is the base of it. Gouffé, for instance, directs a proportion of about six pounds of beef, four of veal, and two fowls to simmer four hours in seven litres of *bouillon* to arrive at a good *consommé*. Whatever formula may be adopted for the liquid, provided it is light and delicate, we would have it regarded simply as a vehicle for herbal flavor. Contrast a soup made as above with the English *julienne* soup, where hard slices of uncooked carrots are left to take their chance in a gravy that has a flavor of nothing but coarse meat, and you have a comparison which must perforce lead to gastronomical observation. You may prefer the strong gravy, but in that case your palate is at fault, and you cannot understand herbal flavor. This observation, however, affecting as it does the science of the cook and the art of the diner, would not be just without the accompanying remark; that to buy at the London greengrocers' good fresh young vegetables is not such an easy matter, and that, to make a reform, it is necessary that the market-gardener should aid by cultivating and bringing to Covent Garden what is young and tender in vegetable life, and not old carrots and dry turnips. Still, in the country this excuse for the cook will not serve, and that a clean

herbal soup is possible at an English hotel many of the travellers by the winter coach to St. Alban's (75-76) had the satisfaction of finding after their pleasant outward drive.

If we were called on to give instances of the difficulty of getting *julienne* soup in London, it would only be necessary to name certain clubs where *chefs hors ligne* will give you a *bouillabaisse*, or a pepper-pot, *quenelles de cailles aux truffes*, or a crab curry in perfection, but scarcely ever succeed, probably on account of the market-gardener, in presenting you with the true *julienne* soup we have spoken of.

We are aware that our recipe fails in that it does not provide the exact weight of vegetables to the proportion of *consommé*. M. Dubost (who, by the way, had a collection of china and bric-à-brac, well worth the attention of the connoisseur) assumed, no doubt, that a *chef* with any knowledge of his business would always fairly proportion all that enters into a *julienne* soup, but to the English cook we would suggest just six times the quantity of vegetables she is accustomed to provide for the soup in question.

If we pass from the making of herbal soup to a consideration of the *batterie de cuisine* placed at the disposition of English cooks in modest English households, we shall be compelled to observe a fatal absence of copper. Those bright stew-pans with our neighbors form a refreshing sight to the *gourmet*, however modest the *ménage*. Just as we succeed well in boiling potatoes by means of a quick, roaring fire applied to an iron saucepan, which communicates the heat to the water quickly, so we fail in *sauté*-ing young potatoes, because for that we want a moderate fire and a copper saucepan, which communicates the heat slowly; in other words, an arrangement that does not readily burn the contents, which with an iron saucepan, in the absence of care, would be the case.

And here it is only just that we should draw attention to Gouffé, his plates, and his woodcuts. Of course, there is very little that is absolutely new in matters of recipes for dishes, but Gouffé has availed himself of chromo-lithography and a good wood-engraver to bring home to us some precepts that ought to receive attention. Note particularly the design for a range, p. 23, fig. 16, where we have a roasting arrangement carefully out of the way, while still under the supervision of the cook; and the proper design for a charcoal grilling apparatus, which would meet a want greatly felt amongst those who love

a clean grill. Throughout his work it will be observed that Gouffé inclines to well-tinned copper saucepans, whilst not absolutely discarding tinned-iron pans, and at the same time he sets his face against the simple cast-iron pans and the earthenware vases that have for so long maintained their place in many French households.

Returning to the grilling apparatus in fig. 16 of Gouffé's work, we shall possibly surprise many by avowing that, in our opinion, the French beat us as much in this respect as in many others. That they succeed in soups, sauces, and *entrées*, is undoubted, and copper saucepans go for much therein; but for the *cuisine bourgeoise* (household cooking) we should indicate grilling as the point where they are more entirely successful than we are. Here charcoal or *braise* (a form of charcoal), as the fuel, gives the French cook an advantage. It enables him to serve up fish, flesh, and fowl, cleanly grilled, not smoke-flavored, and the sauce, if sauce there be, has nothing to interfere with its due appreciation. The English cook, as a rule, appeals to the frying-pan\* and produces her cutlets, often sodden, and generally tasteless, with small idea that meat and its flavor is one thing, and the sauce appropriate to it another.† When cutlets have been cooked in this fashion, the tenant of the dining-room learns that delicate tender mutton exists no more; leather, for all practical purpose of taste, might replace it. Yet how could we expect an English cook with the ordinary coal-fuel range to have a bright fire just ready for grilling at the moment when the *entrée* of cutlets should be served? The charcoal or braise embers, being a contrivance apart, are, with a slight use of the bellows, always ready for the grill. Speaking not dogmatically, but with conviction, we place charcoal or braise, as a grilling element, as of the first necessity in a range where due justice is to be done by the cook. Nor can

we believe that this suggestion is one necessarily attended with inordinate expense. It sufficeth to put — if Gouffé's plan above mentioned is attended with difficulty — in modern close ranges a fifteen-inch square grate, sunk some three inches below the level of the top, with a regulator for the draft from without, so that the charcoal or braise shall burn freely; and we venture to say that the cost of the charcoal will be saved in the butcher's bill, to say nothing of the temper of the master, suffering under the infliction of meat wrongfully bedabbled in cinders and begrimed with coal-smoke! Let it be taken as a gastronomical observation of supreme importance to the seeker after culinary truth, that the eminence of French cookery does not lie solely in soups or sauces, but in the cleanliness with which fish, flesh, and fowl are grilled, aided by the perfectly-made sauces, separately cooked, with which such flesh and fowl are served. Not, however, that bread-crumbed cutlets are always out of place, but that the importance of clean grilling should be more clearly recognized. And let no one here cite the advantage of Dutch ovens, or similar contrivances, for avoiding the coal-smoke. They are aids to the idle, but fail in the essential application of direct heat and oxygen to the meat. Of course clubs and large establishments can afford to keep a coke-grill constantly going, and to them coke is cheaper, and, well kept up, as effective as charcoal; but in the small establishment the cook, seeking to grill, is confined to her coal-fire, and such use as she may make of it.

In many small details, also, the *batterie de cuisine* supplied to the English cook is wanting; principally, we fancy, in the small tools for cutting up vegetables and herbs, slicing spinach, cucumbers, etc. In how many kitchens do you find a salamander, that excellent French invention for browning a dish without putting it into the oven, in order to obtain the same result at the price of its juices being dried up? It is true that this implement, being heavy, suggests sometimes to an ignorant kitchen-maid that it must be there for the purpose of breaking coal; but does not ignorance, in some form or other, often try our patience, and are we thereby to be discouraged?

Touching the general question of butcher's meat, something must be said, though with the full knowledge that it will be without effect in England. The *Chateaubriand*, the *entrecôte*, and the *filet mignon* (of mutton), with other forms, are all

\* "As frying properly in fat is of much importance and of constant use, no pains should be spared in thoroughly understanding it. If you attempt to fry at too low a temperature, or allow the temperature to fall more than five degrees, the things are not fried but soaked and soddened, and of a dirty-white color. If the temperature is too high, then the thing is charred, burnt, and blackened, but not fried." (Buckmaster, p. 112.) To much useful information on this head given in the above, we may add that beef-fat is better for frying white-bait than lard. Mr. Buckmaster says as much, though not in special terms: "Lard is the fat generally used for frying, but it is liable to leave an unpleasant flavor after it." (P. 109.) It may also be added, that biscuit-powder is infinitely better than bread-crumbs to *paner* cutlets.

† In Gouffé's work, the percentage of dishes (fish, flesh, and fowl), the ingredients of which pass over the grill, is double that in a recent English cookery-book.



due to the more enlarged sympathies of the French butcher for what is perfect. We must entirely change the mode of cutting up the carcase before we can arrive at the same perfection in form of meat purchasable, and as that is hopeless, so is it useless to insist further on the subject on behalf of the public. To the country gentleman only, who may have some control over the village butcher, we may remark that very clear-colored plates are sold in France at a moderate price, guided by which an intelligent and willing man might easily produce the desired forms of beef, veal, and mutton.

And here, again, it will not be out of place to refer to Gouffé. By bringing chromo-lithography to aid him, he has given us two plates (II. and III.), which are quite unique on this important question of quality, not form, of meat. Had he extended the idea to the interesting question of herbs he would have rendered us, though, perhaps, not his countrymen, an important service. The fact is, French cooks and French gardeners know what herbs for cooking are. A friend of ours happened to be in a country-house the other day where there was much show, little science, and a large garden kept up at great expense. At luncheon he volunteered to make a fresh salad, and forthwith proceeded to the garden to gather his materials. He desired lettuce, chervil, tarragon, and borage. The first he found; of the others the head-gardener knew nothing!

M. Jules Gouffé, all-knowing, has not known enough; he has not been acquainted with the ignorance of our gardeners and our cooks.

Having passed the stage of soup, there is not much of importance to be said until we come to the vegetables. The fish in England is infinitely better in quality and better cooked\* than can be obtained elsewhere. There may be special dishes, such as *sole à la Normande* or the Marseillaise dish of *bouillabaisse*, immortalized by Thackeray, worthy of consideration, but they are not essential to the *bonne cuisine bourgeoise*, the rather because the constituents of this last cannot be obtained in perfection, save on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Of roast meat, be it beef or mutton, we can hold our own with any nation; and boiled potatoes are, for reasons connected with our extravagant use of fuel, and our

iron saucepans, our *spécialité*. But when we come to vegetables in general, we find ourselves, by old tradition, cut off from some of the most economical tasty *plats* the French housewife will give us. Celery with us is rarely cooked, *cardons à la moëlle* are unknown, and the same with *aubergines farcies*; and *jets d'houblon aux œufs pochés*, one of the *primeurs* in early spring, may be looked for in vain at an English table. Perhaps the market-gardener is at fault here too. In any case, we do not get them; nor will untravelled English understand that a vegetable should be served, if cooked, as a *plat*, to be criticised gastronomically by itself, and not as a concomitant or accident, if we may so express it, to more solid food. Game, again, is so admirably served at English tables, that there are few new ideas to import in reference to it. And yet there is a bird abroad of which we should like to know something more. We have never found it on an English table, and but once was it on our path in culinary delectation abroad, and then we passed it over (possibly in error), supposing it to vary but little from its English prototype. We allude to the Bohemian pheasant. We understand, on good authority, that this bird is fat, which our English pheasant rarely is; and not dry, which ours often is. A friend who has some shooting at Boar-stall (traditionally connected with Edward the Confessor and Charles I.), on the borders of Oxfordshire, has introduced this peculiar bird into his preserves; but so far as any extra flavor goes, he tells us that he is not able to certify to it. Possibly the food in the forests of Bohemia may produce different results. That it is a recognized delicacy, and commands a high price (20s. a pair) in Berlin, is undoubted. Our friend, somewhat cynical, but possibly correct, says that the fatness of pheasants depends on the method of feeding them; in fact, he assimilates them to plain fowls. If so, we desire all proprietors of pheasants to attend to their wants, in the interest of the gastronomical observer.

If, after all, one is obliged to admit that in science below stairs, and in art in the dining-room, the English are wanting, how trifling is the addition required to put the English family dinner on a level with the *bonne cuisine bourgeoise*, which delights the foreign *gourmet*! Rather better-grown vegetables from the market-gardener; a habit of really cooking them on the part of the cook; a weakening of the strong gravy-soup, so that their herbal flavor shall not be overpowered; a grate of charcoal,

\* A spoonful of vinegar in the water in which fish is boiled is scarcely sufficiently insisted on in English cookery-books.

whereby viands may be cleanly grilled, and some small instructions as to how vegetable *plats* may be properly served, and with the best fish and mutton in the world, the English can give a really refined dinner. For we beg to remind the reader, a banquet is not necessarily a refined repast; and *côtelettes à la réforme, riz de veau à la St. Cloud, vol-au-vent à la financière*, although all good in their way, do not form the real groundwork for gastronomical observation. This must lie for every-day work in simple herbal soups, clean-cooked meat, and delicate vegetable *plats* that afford room for extracting the subtle essence of the garden, a subtle essence that should arrive at our palate by herbs also, herbs that are too much undervalued by the English cook. Parsley, thyme, balm, marjoram, rosemary, rue, pennyroyal, bay-leaf, chervil, garlic, shalots, truffles, morels, of all should she make the acquaintance, although to be strictly correct, these last come under the head of onions and roots rather than of herbs. Mr. Buckmaster insists upon their use, and the necessity of knowing all about them; and, we repeat, it is much to be regretted that M. Gouffé did not illustrate them, instead of giving us such utterly useless plates (among much that is admirable) as those devoted to the arrangement of cray-fish, the nature of a dessert-dish, a composition of game (frontispiece), or a *filet de bœuf à la jardinière*, about all of which the instructed desire to know nothing, whilst to the ignorant they convey few ideas.

We have up to the present moment referred to Gouffé, of the French school, and to Mr. Buckmaster, who gave some lectures in 1873-74 at the International Exhibition. The first is an artist, in many things above criticism; but we do not hesitate to say that the latter has given one direction in his recipe for *pot au feu* which overrides M. Gouffé. He says, in his "precautions," "Do not boil." Gouffé at one point says, "Boil." We understand him to mean only for the purpose of taking off the scum, but in the mean time is not the meat ruined? What Mr. Buckmaster says, he says clearly, although from the stores of his mind there is yet much unwritten. Had he continued, he might perhaps have put in print those two recipes which we learnt through a friend from a French *chef*, to wit, that a lump of bread about the size of a French billiard-ball tied up in a *linen* bag, and inserted in the pot which boils greens, will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an insupportable odor to the regions above;

the other, that a lump of bread stuck on the end of one of those pointed knives used in the French kitchen will prevent your eyes being affected, if you are peeling onions with the said knife.

And beyond the operations in the kitchen, a great interest attaches to the store-room and the larder. There are *hors d'œuvre*, cold as well as hot, about which much may be said, some being at their best in one season, some at another. Cheeses, again, present an endless field of observation for the gastronomer, although, perchance, he may end by finding few planets in that orbit. Some man addicted to this preparation of milk declared that after once tasting, we think it was either Mont d'Or or Strachino, he wandered about Europe after a phantom cheese. If we recollect rightly, he avowed that a good Camembert had a ghostly resemblance to it; but if we mistake not, he had not made the acquaintance of Malakoff, a cream-cheese fabricated in Normandy. Certain it is that Strachino is too rare; and as for Camembert, the curious thing is that you meet with it in far better condition in London or Brussels than in Paris. As to our old English cheeses, Stilton, Cheshire, North Wilts, say even that goodly cream-cheese that in the days of our youth we tasted somewhere near Fountain's Abbey, where are they? Do large dealers buy them up for St. Petersburg and Moscow *marchands de comestibles* who are regardless of price? We cannot deny that we have met with them in those cities far better in quality than such as we have chanced to buy in the best shops in London.

Forget not too, O learner in this field of knowledge! to pick up any happy thoughts that may occur to your host after you are seated; such, for instance, as that which occurred to a well-known artist of our acquaintance. He had invited a friend to a beef-steak at the A-Club. The steak was served, when he bethought him to inquire, *sotto voce*, if there was a clove of garlic in the house. There was; it was brought; he simply passed the knife through it, nothing more, and surprised his guest with the most delicate form of that unique flavor which the prince of the onion family can alone give.

Before we pass on to the consideration of wines, we think that something more than a slight reference should be made to an institution that has sprung up of late years, one calculated to do an unmixed good to our people, whether at home or in the colonies; we mean the National

Training School for Cookery. There is scarcely anything the Englishman likes so well as facts, and, doubtful about the future, he will hesitate to permit an idea to take root with him unless it is backed up by something like success. To such we call attention to the last report of the executive committee of this school. It is not brilliant; it does not show that those who first started it have made either renown or money; but it shows that very serious ignorance amongst many classes is being lessened by the persistent efforts of a few gentlemen and a sensible staff. In any case, the good they have done cannot be measured by their report, because they can give no account of the unceasing spread of interest in this art from the pupil-teacher to the pupil in London and the local schools, and from pupils to pupils' friends and acquaintances. In the twelve-month ending the 31st of March, 1876, fifteen hundred and three pupils passed through the school, twelve gained diplomas as teachers, and nineteen more were in training for that state of life. We understand that the report for the present year will show an increase of something like four hundred, seventeen hundred and thirty-four pupils having passed for the first ten months, of whom fifty-four have gained diplomas as teachers.

The number of local schools has increased from eight in 1876 to twenty-nine at the present time.

There are now at work the following classes,

(a) Those who learn practically cleanliness, which is of the first importance in cookery, and attend practical demonstrations.

(b) A practical kitchen, where students themselves practise cooking suitable for families which spend from 20s. to 100s. weekly in the purchase of food to be cooked.

(c) An artisan kitchen, where students especially intended as teachers practise cooking for artisan families which spend from 7s. to 20s. weekly in the purchase of food to be cooked.

(d) A course of practical teaching for students who are in training as teachers.

When we had the pleasure of visiting the school a few weeks ago, without any notice on our part, we found in the artisan kitchen a dozen young girls who had been brought from ward schools in the City by the past and present masters of the Cooks' Company, at the expense of the latter. They were being taught by a most intelligent and energetic young lady. In the

demonstration kitchen we found a number of ladies taking notes of the practical lessons most lucidly given by one of the staff; and in the practice kitchen we saw many estimable as well as charming young ladies, some qualifying themselves as teachers, others to be something better than the lazy delights of their present or future homes. Cleanliness—a most important element in the kitchen—seemed to be practised everywhere. The girls brought in by the liberality of the Cook's Company were, at this their twelfth lesson, already competing for practice with each other in the composition of many sensible household dishes, and what they had prepared was to our taste excellent. The course of practical training for the teachers appears to be most complete in form, though scarcely long enough in practice; and the only criticism on the methods pursued we should venture to offer is that they should not keep the knowledge that may be imparted entirely within the limits of what they can do at the schools with its means and appliances. For instance, they make a most excellent and clear consommé on economical principles, that is, they manage without the chicken. But many of that bevy of fair girls will have the management of households where the cost of a fowl would not be a question. It is a pity that these should go away with the idea that they have attained perfection in a consommé, which we know cannot be done without the use of fowls. As the views of the executive committee were not explained to us on this point, we write rather suggestively than critically. To us it seems that the best means of making important dishes should be pointed out, although it might be a useless extravagance to attempt to prepare them practically at the school. We may also remark that receipts do not mean recipes. Strict English is essential in a national school.

It is very fortunate that, at last, the importance of cookery in education has been acknowledged in the revised and re-revised code, but the lords of the committee of council on education might well be asked to assist the National School of Cookery by some further practical steps in the same direction. We do not say that we should go so far as the executive committee in asking that it should be recognized by the State, if by that is meant a demand for a subsidy; but we do most thoroughly endorse their claim to train teachers for the use of the council on education at such rate of fees as shall assist in the current

expenses, and encourage the executive committee to pursue their good work. Some one, at any rate, must produce these teachers, whether it be in music or cookery; and if this school does its work well, as, indeed, we think it does, they have a fair claim to be the means whereby sound principles of cooking shall be spread over the country. On one point we certainly think the executive committee of this school are right to insist that, in place of the annual grant of 4s. per scholar, now offered in the revised code for food and clothing combined, the grant may be divided into two equal parts, giving 2s. for each subject, and that a specially qualified inspector should be appointed to look to the interests of cooking. Indeed, the moment you admit that cooking is essential to the true education of an Englishwoman,\* that moment you create the necessity for qualities in an inspector not always found (with a present exception in the London district) in clever Oxford and Cambridge men; and with a division in the grant we should be inclined to beg their lordships to consider whether a young girl should not go through her course of cookery in her last year instead of in the first year of the fourth standard. Much technical knowledge picked up at the age of twelve and thirteen, and not kept up, is forgotten at fifteen or sixteen; and it would be of infinite advantage to a young girl thrown on her own resources, and wishing perhaps to go into service, to be able to say, even at that age, to a lady seeking help, "I have come straight out of the cookery classes." If we might venture to throw out another suggestion to their lordships in the interest of cooking, it would be that twenty lessons of three hours each would do more for a girl than the very bare limit of "two hours a week, and forty hours in the year." The result of many dishes cannot be given in two hours; and if we were to judge by the young girls sent by the Cooks' Company from the ward schools, who managed to have a three hours' lesson, we should deem that it was not school-work from their point of view, but a very pleasant occupation. Such girls will turn out good cooks.

The Cooks' Company, although not a rich corporation, have come forward in this matter in a practical fashion demanding every acknowledgment. Nor must the praiseworthy action of the council of the Society of Arts be overlooked, for they

have given during the last two years five free scholarships of 10l. 10s. each to be competed for, and we commend the idea to those wealthy persons who desire to perpetuate their name by a most practical form of benevolence—a cosmopolitan benevolence that tends to the comfort and well-being, not to say civilization, of the English race.

We have criticised freely English cooking, and we have pursued, in a line which ought to satisfy any friend of reform, the shortcomings amongst us; but we do not ignore the thoroughly good and quaintly superb simplicity of dinners sent up from time to time in this country. A friend of ours was returning from Paris with two young companions (so many years ago that they made the journey to Calais by diligence) and when at Dover they got into a railway carriage with an elderly gentleman. The talk turned much on the restaurants they had visited, to which the elder one listened long and with much patience. At length he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am going to have a dinner to-night that no restaurateur in Paris can beat, and it is thoroughly English." Our friends opened their eyes and their ears, fresh as they were from the Frères Provençaux and Philippe's. "I am going, gentlemen, to have simply four dishes, not one of which could you get in perfection in Paris; to wit, turtle-soup, turbot and lobster sauce, a haunch of venison, and a grouse!" Our friends, young as they were, had the good taste to incline their heads before the mention of such a truly royal repast. We use the term royal advisedly, for we understand that a certain personage, whose example must always do much in this kingdom, persistently sets his face against elaborate and vulgar menus.

Passing now to matters of libation, we must, as in the case of soups, go to France, or rather to the mode of living there, with a *bonne cuisine bourgeoise*, if we would be instructed what we should drink at dinner. We except breakfast, even a French one, *à la fourchette*; for hath not Brillat-Savarin given his fiat in favor of tea, and can there be a cleaner, wholesomer drink, if you like it, in the wide world? But, for dinner, if we would keep our palate clean, let us stick to Bordeaux or Burgundy, with or without water, according to its quality; water for the lower, absence of it for the higher growths. Of course, for those who think that strong gravy or mock-turtle, and hot sherry or Cete Madeira form a fitting beginning for their repast, gastronomic observation of this

\* Since this was in type we understand that the School Board of Aberdeen have memorialized their lordships in the sense of these observations.



kind is thrown away. It is delicate flavor in soup that makes Bordeaux possible; and when the palate has not been destroyed by fiery sherry, a glass of Lafitte or Chambertin can be as well appreciated with a saddle of mutton, as after dinner with the olives. If you insist on white wine, take Sauterne of a low growth (the higher growths, like Château d'Yquem, are only fit, like Rauenthalerberg, for dessert), or Chablis, if Burgundy is your drink for the day. Never put Bordeaux and Burgundy on the table the same day; they are distinct classes of wine, and are to be sipped on different days of the week. It is one of the gravest errors, due to the passion for thick soups, fiery sherry, and hot sauces, that good wine (by good we mean first and second growth clarets) cannot be appreciated until after dinner. As a gastronomical (drinking) observation, it may be taken that the universal introduction of red wines during dinner is as important for the improvement of the palate as the amelioration of soups.

Red wines should always be taken out of the cellar, and kept in the kitchen or butler's pantry some hours before they are drunk. They should never be placed before the fire, but allowed to become warm gradually. The temperature of the wine should be as nearly as possible the temperature of the dining-room. In a French family with which we were acquainted, it was the practice to take from the cellar every Monday morning the Bordeaux required for the week's consumption, and to keep it in a cupboard in the *salle-à-manger*, so that the family might have on Sunday their wine in the most perfect condition. How often do we find on English tables the finer growths of claret unfit to drink, simply because they have been brought from the cellar only an hour or two before dinner, and then left in a cold place, or exposed to a draught! Clarets of a third, or even a fourth growth, judiciously warmed, will taste infinitely better than the finest Château-Lafitte, or Château-Margaux taken directly from even the best cellar. These remarks apply especially to red wines of the Bordeaux district. Belgian connoisseurs do not approve of bringing up Burgundy from its cellar (the temperature of which should be low) until shortly before use. We have heard Englishmen dispute this view in favor of greater warmth, but we think the Belgians know too much about this wine not to have their opinions treated with great respect. Burgundy, indeed, is so delicate a wine that an experiment, in bottling some

from the same cask into clear and opaque bottles, and putting them in the same dark cellar, proved that a marked difference was presented at the end of a twelvemonth as against the clear bottles.

"Here is an article called 'Champagne as a Social Farce,'" said a friend, glancing superficially at the list of contents of a magazine one day. Alas! on examining it we found that as a social *force* was the use of this liquid to be praised instead of, as we had hoped, deprecated. It was a paper addressing itself to prove that Britons require vinous carbonic acid to make them cheerful; as if some generations, comprising some tolerably good names on the roll of intellect, had not passed through life without obtaining their ideas from this frothy liquid! When champagne was first brought into use it was a sweet, luscious wine, fit and agreeable to be taken, as it ought to be taken, when an *entremet*, also sweet, renders the palate less observant of its saccharine quality, but utterly nauseous when drunk with leg of mutton. Then came the cry for a dry and drier wine; and as the liquor is as much fabricated as soda-water, and as little natural, the wine-merchants were not slow to accommodate their customers with a wine which, analyzed, is pretty much this — a poor, thin, white wine, impregnated with "fixed air," and sometimes a good, more often a very bad and inferior, *liqueur*. The well-known Brussels restaurateur, already quoted, gave to it (the English mark) the appropriate title of "*grog mousseux*," sparkling grog; and we are told to regard it as a necessity for social liveliness, and a youngster from Eton, whom you invite to dinner, thinks himself badly used if he does not get it! But with champagne, as in everything connected with taste, we act as though no permanent rules of art existed. We catch by a fluke of fashion some truths, which vulgarity, the imitator of fashion, seizes and distorts. In one age classical architecture is the rage, and leaves us some few exquisite monuments, much that is bad, and Grecian porticoes sadly out of place; then the mediæval fashion overtakes us, and, after giving us many fine examples of what is true and beautiful, lands us in a fog of unmeaning shapes, and, because it is the fashion, pervades our furniture until purity of form ceases to exist. In wines, providence presents us with a good article, fashion brings it into vogue, and vulgarity debases it, until we arrive at an unwholesome drug under the name of champagne. After a generation of stomachs have been

ruined, and the prevalent fashion of early and perpetual pick-me-ups (due in a large measure to over-night absorption of "*grog mousseux*") has been recognized by the faculty as fatal to our physique, fashion will change; it will become vulgar to give champagne, and the stomachs of Englishmen shall again have some peace, and their palate be encouraged towards rightful drinks.

And it is not in the unnatural quality of champagne that we find the only effects of fashion. Sherry is manipulated abroad and at home. This is what an ex-wine-merchant, who established a firm by the delicacy of his palate, says in a letter to us on the subject:—

During my long experience I found that a "run" upon any particular wine, or class of wine, generally followed the introduction of something superior to the ordinary "wines of commerce."

For example; within the last thirty years repeated attempts have been made to form a pure taste for sherry amongst connoisseurs who could afford to pay for what they could appreciate. This could of course only be done by importing very old and valuable wine with the smallest possible amount of brandy. For such wines I, and of course very many other wine-merchants, have paid 150*l.* to 200*l.* per butt in Cadiz Bay. Of course such wines soon gained a reputation amongst the class of consumers for whom they were intended; and then, also of course, attempts were made by a host of wine-merchants to introduce a *similar* wine for general consumption. This led to every possible system of adulteration, because the wine in its genuine state was far too costly for any such purpose. Thus from time to time newspapers were full of advertisements about "Natural Sherry," or some other name given to a cheap imitation of a costly, pure, and delicious wine. At one time I remember an advertisement of "Naked Sherry" at 30*s.* per dozen, about which I made a sorry joke. I was asked why it was so called, and I said because no *decent* wine could be sold at the price. All that I have said about sherry applies to most other wines, perhaps more particularly to champagne. Really *dry* champagne, I mean genuinely dry wine, can only be had when a vintage has been exceptionally fine. In such rare cases the wine can be prepared with scarcely any admixture of liqueurs, whereas in ordinary vintages the wine *en brut* is not only unpalatable, but absolutely nauseous. Now, as very fine vintages do not frequently occur, *pure* dry champagne is a very costly beverage. Notwithstanding this, according to the advertisements, and to wine-merchants' circulars, you may have champagne dry or sweet, year after year, at the same price. Create a demand for anything, and there will be a supply. The supply of genuine wine, as of every other article of consumption, is not

unlimited; and the increased demand for cheap wines can only be met by deception and fraud.

As to the attempts of certain analysts to describe in scientific terms the value of a wine, they are more than futile, they are pernicious, because they lead the ignorant astray. "Bouquet," as well as alcohol, has something to do with the quality of a wine. Both may be added in place of being natural. Sometimes a connoisseur in Bordeaux will be offered in a restaurant a wine redolent of the violet flavor peculiar to some wines of a good growth in the Gironde. He notices on the wine-carte that the price is a third of what he would pay a respectable wine-merchant for such wine, and if he drinks a fair bottle of it he learns on the morrow that the nose has deceived the stomach.

What future and increased knowledge of methods of analysis may do as to "bouquet" is a separate question. At present, by the lights we have, a knowledge of the trade, and a certain respectability on the part of its members, will be a greater guarantee to the seeker after good wine than any number of laboratories, used too often more in the interests of advertising firms than in the interests of the seeker after exact palate and stomach value.

In "*Le Cuisinier Royal*," by Viart, *homme de bouche*, Paris, 1837, there is to be found, as an appendix to the fifteenth edition, a "Notice on Wines," by M. Pierrhugues, the king's butler, and the order of serving them, by Grignon, one of the well-known restaurateurs of that day. We observe that it has been copied without acknowledgment by the authoress of the "*Nouveau Manuel de la Cuisinière Bourgeoise*," Paris, 1869, so we presume that in French eyes it is deemed of some worth. We merely refer the curious reader to it, preferring to take as our guide the instructive "Essay on Cheap Wines," by our own countryman, Dr. Druitt, whose professional science and clean palate have enabled him to give us invaluable wine-truths. It is true that we are at issue with Dr. Druitt as to the good or bad, or, as he puts it, indifferent matter of drinking many varieties of wine at the same repast, because we consider it decidedly injurious; but with this exception, and some slight allusion to a frequently careless composition in a literary sense, we can freely endorse the views of the learned doctor. Rarely has so much useful and trustworthy information on the known wines of commerce been given to the public in so compendious a form. We would particularly recommend to our

readers his remarks on Bordeaux and sherry:—

It will be a good day for the morals, health, and intellectual development of the English when every decent person shall on all hospitable occasions be able to produce a bottle of wine and discuss its *flavor*, instead of, as at present, glorying in the *strength* of his potations. One thing that would go with the greater use of Bordeaux wine would be the custom of drinking it in its proper place *during dinner* as a refreshing and appetizing draught, to entice the languid palate to demand an additional slice of mutton.

Now for *sherry*, under which term are included, in popular language, all the white wines which come from Spain, and others like them. Monotony and base servile imitation are the curse of English life. . . . The fish, entrées, etc., must be accompanied with the inevitable sherry. All the fun, and the fragrance, the gratified sense of novelty, the curiosity as to the great political and social fortunes of our colonies, which would be excited by handing round a bottle of white Auldana; all the sympathy for our dear neighbors which would be excited by the taste of Meursault Blanc; all the respect for the Germans which would follow a sip of Hochheimer; all the hopes and fears felt for the Austrian empire, which would go round with the generous Vöslau, are smothered by the monotony of the *banal* sherry. When people are doing the serious act of dining, they should do it, and think about it, and talk about it; but to talk there must be novelty, not one dull perpetual round, and sherry gives rise to no ideas. England will never be merry again whilst it sticks to so sad a drink.

The best account of sherry is that given before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Import Duties on Wines in 1852, by Dr. Gorman, physician to the late British Factory at Cadiz, long a resident in Spain. He says that no natural sherry comes to this country; it is all mixed and brandied. The quantity of proof spirit which good pure sherry contains by nature is twenty-four per cent., possibly thirty. The less mature and less perfectly fermented the wine, the more brandy is there added to it to preserve it. Yet let it never be forgotten, Dr. Gorman added, "*It is not necessary to infuse brandy into any well-made sherry wine; if the fermentation is perfect, it produces alcohol sufficient to preserve the wine for a century in any country.*"

All this and much more that Dr. Druitt has said is pleasing and trustworthy, because there is little appearance of a wine-merchant's element in the background. We will add only one more extract in reference to the flavor and odor of wines:—

The organs of taste and smell stand as sen-

tinels to watch the approaches to the stomach, and to warn us whether our food and drink are fit to be admitted or not. There are some articles respecting which these organs are not entirely to be relied upon; but certainly as regards wine, the effects of wine on the palate are known with exactitude, and the palate is able to distinguish wines which are wholesome from those that are not.

Let us observe that *touch* is common to all parts of the body in greater or less degree, but is especially acute in the finger-tips, lips, and tongue. This takes cognisance of certain qualities, such as hot and cold, rough and smooth, hard and soft, and the like. *Taste* is a more delicate sense, and distinguishes properties such as sweet, sour, bitter, and salt, together with a thousand other varieties which have no name, though we well know them when presented to us.

There is a third sense which recognizes odors, and upon which they particularly operate, of course I mean the nose. Now everything that is tasted must affect the sense of touch, and the union of both touch and taste may be essential to perfect enjoyment; thus, the crispness or flabbiness of a biscuit may make a great difference. Just so the union of smell with taste is essential for the enjoyment of wine. And here let us say, that everything that is smelled can be tasted, though not everything that is tasted can be smelled. The body of wine affects both senses (pp. 28, 29).

To this we may add Brillat-Savarin's definition: "Without a sense of smell complete tasting cannot exist. Smell and taste are one sense where the mouth is the laboratory and the nose the chimney, or, to speak more exactly, one is good for tasting what can be touched, the other for tasting the gases." Now a strong stomach cannot appreciate the bad effect of a mixture of wines; and however fine the nasal sensibility of an individual, it is impossible to detect the value of a succession of different kinds of bouquet. Our own views are that Chablis or a low growth of Sauterne may be permitted with oysters; a good quality of Lower Burgundy or a *grand ordinaire* of Bordeaux to begin the repast; but the moment you get to a point in the feast where a higher quality of wine is permitted, you should, with any regard to the stomach or the palate, stick to the same class of wine.

Not the least important element in a well-ordered repast is the coffee, which should complete it. It is very easy but not altogether just to condemn the methods of making it practised in England, and impute to them the only cause for our finding it bad here. Opinions may differ as to whether we do or do not find the several varieties of the berry, Mocha, Bourbon,

Martinique, etc., which are mixed together in a French household, or by the tradesmen who sell them. What we maintain to be necessary as a first step towards a perfect beverage is fresh roasting *at home*. We should then find a very indifferent coffee-berry produce a very refreshing cup. We should get the true aroma. It would appear that, in the early part of the last century, coffee was not only ground but roasted by the ladies, as we gather from the lines of Pope in "The Rape of the Lock:"—

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,  
The berries crackle and the mill turns round.

Upon which Mr. Elwin adds the following note: "'There was a sideboard of coffee,' says Pope, in his letter describing Swift's mode of life at Letcombe, in 1714, 'which the dean roasted with his own hands in an engine for that purpose.'"

Until lately we were not aware that a roasting-machine for household use was on sale in England, but on passing down Oxford Street and Holborn we met with two kinds, similar in principle to one which we had ourselves suggested to a Parisian ironmonger before the war, *i.e.*, the use of clockwork to turn the barrel, so that a cook's time may be saved and no berries burnt. Those we have seen do not appear quite suited for a kitchen, but a slight addition would easily adapt them to that kind of range.

One observation, not altogether known, may be added: coffee made with Schwalheim water is superior to that made with any other, due probably to the extracting power of the alkali held in solution therein, and it might be worth while testing Apollinaris or Taunus water in like manner. Also let us note that since the war, coffee, as served at the *cafés* in Paris, has much fallen off, in consequence, mainly, of the use of chicory. For our own part we never, during the Second Empire, considered it exceptionally fine and pure, save at the *Café du Cardinal* at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. It was only in private houses that one could be secure of the genuine flavor.

In the simplicity of tea-making it is only necessary to insist on water boiling at the moment it is poured on the tea: but we came upon some remarks in a modern cookery-book against which we would beg to protest. The writer begins by saying that a silver or metal teapot draws out the

strength and fragrance more readily than one of earthenware, a point on which we opine the heathen Chinese would differ; nor, if we recollect right, would that interesting paper by Mr. Savile Lumley, when secretary to the legation at St. Petersburg, on the tea-houses frequented by the *ishvoshniks* or droshky-drivers, support such a view; and the said *ishvoshniks* are great connoisseurs in that beverage. The writer of the said cookery-book goes on to say that you may half fill the pot with boiling water, and if the tea be of very fine quality, you may let it stand ten minutes (!) before filling up. Now there was one Ellis, who had some reputation in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill in the matter of food and drink—to be plain, for the information of the youngest generation, he owned the Star and Garter there—and his view about tea was that you lost the aroma and gained less valuable properties for all the time beyond one minute that you let it stand. We can quote no higher authority for our own most persistent view on this question.

The hours at which repasts are taken are too much at the caprice of fashion in England to admit of any hope that reason will be heard on the subject. Some day fashion will permit us to have our mid-day breakfast or luncheon, and fall to our dinner with no jaded appetite at six or seven o'clock. On sanitary grounds nothing will ever surpass the Frenchman's regulation of his meals—a light breakfast in his bedroom at eight A.M., a serious breakfast from eleven to noon, and a dinner from six to eight, according to his occupations for the evening. To insist any more on this would be to attempt the codification of laws that will never be codified or if codified never carried out, save subserviently to the reigning fashion.

We will close these remarks by referring once more to two of the works at the head of this article. Gouffé's is eminently practical, and adapted to the use of man or woman who likes to go sometimes into the kitchen and converse courteously with the artist. Dubois' "Cosmopolitan Cookery" has some admirable recipes, *e.g.*, salmon cutlets, *sauce des gourmets*, page eighty-three of the English edition, and his list of *menus* are worth attention. Gouffé, by the way, expressly declines to give a list, for reasons stated (p. 336). Among Dubois' menus may be noted one (p. xvii.) for ten guests, served at Nauheim (1867) by Cogery, who now keeps a restaurant at Nice; p. xxi., one for forty guests, served by the same artist at Hel-

\* Elwin's "Pope," vol. ii., p. 163.



singfors, where good judgment is united to simplicity; p. xxvi., one for fifty guests, served by Ripé (1867) to Prince (then Count) Bismarck, a menu where we observe the Bohemian pheasant, already referred to; and p. xxii., a very good menu for twelve persons, served by Blanchet at the Yorkshire Club, no date given. But, even after thus referring to them as deserving attention, we are bound to say that they are generally overloaded, and we opine there are few diners-out who would not be thankful to see on their plate less elaborate menus.

It proves the fallibility of cooks, even so great as one who has been *chef* to the king of Prussia, when we find M. Urbain Dubois in his recipe for plum-pudding omit the essential ingredient of bread-crumbs! Gouffé does not commit this grave error.

In the matter of English cookery-books adapted to private families, few surpass that excellent work by Mrs. Rundell, of which, with some little revision and the addition of truly colored plates, Mr. Murray might surely give us another edition. Its excellence consists in that it is a manual for the household as well as a guide in the kitchen, but we are bound to say it is lamentably deficient where it attempts to instruct us in French cookery.

We ought not to conclude this review, devoted to simplicity in cooking, eating, and drinking, without a reference to condiments under various names of this and that sauce, many of which are admirable when used in their right places. We take it that the *dernier mot* as between French and English *gourmets*, neither of them addicted to the dishes of a City alderman, would be, on the part of the second, "Are not our manufactured sauces admirable?" On the part of the first—"Are they not too pungent, and do you not ask them to do the work of flavor which ought to be the business of the cook?"

The finest of them all is rather based on simple mushroom ketchup than on Indian herbs, but it is scarcely the most popular, and those members of the medical profession who prescribe for dyspeptic individuals have as great an interest in columns of advertisements, for which in the end the purchaser pays, as even the adventurous manufacturers who fabricate sauces from the recipe of this or that nobleman. Still, let the best of them be accepted as adjuncts to a broiled bone at two A.M., without admitting the propriety of their position on the dinner-table.

Simple salt, and vegetable combinations that have been made with it, is worth some further comment. Salt is used at once too much and too little in English kitchens; too much, when by orders of the landlord (like the bad brandy in the sauces at suburban hotels of reputation) it is to excite a desire for drink on the part of the guest; too little when in the case of a grilled beefsteak the cook forgets that salt combines during the process of cooking more effectively in its coarse kitchen form.\*

The combination of salt with herbs has notably succeeded in two instances, and it is reserved for the future to borrow from what is known, and combine more delicate, and yet more delicate, forms. We allude to known combinations in speaking of that composed of the Chili bean rubbed up with salt, to which the maker has given the name of Oriental salt, a condiment that has the flavor without the extreme pungency of cayenne, and would be an admirable substitute for it in that much-ill-used incentive to drink called devilled whitebait. Another useful combination is that of celery-seed and salt, sold by a well-known Italian warehouseman. On the table each must stand on its own merits in reference to the guest's taste; neither to be insisted on indiscriminately, but each in turn especially adapted to soup, fish, roast, and *relevé*, cheese, or a salad.

This, to conclude, is the sum of gastronomical observation which appear to us as most worthy of reflection by those who would see the English *cuisine* raised to a higher level, and who desire that the younger generation may at least have a palate.

1. Herbal flavor is to be desired in soups, and increased knowledge on the part of cooks of the various kinds and qualities of herbs and roots.

2. The *batterie de cuisine* should be improved by an increased number of copper vessels, and by the use of the salamander and smaller implements for cutting, scooping, and otherwise arranging vegetables. Moreover, the use of charcoal should be established.

3. The use of more butter and less lard should be encouraged.

4. The market-gardener should learn that he has duties to fulfil.

5. Red wines should be the rule and not the exception at dinner, and champagne, if served at all, should be served with the sweets and not with the mutton.

\* *Poulet au gros sel* is too little known in England.

6. Coffee should be made from different varieties of the berry and, if possible, should be roasted at home, certainly always ground there.

7. Fashion should permit us to adopt more sensible hours for our meals.

From The Examiner.

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### HIS RETURN.

It was with a buoyant sense of work well done that Balfour, on a certain Saturday morning, got into a Hansom and left Piccadilly for Victoria Station. He had telegraphed to Lady Sylvia to drive over from the Lilacs to meet him, and he proposed that now he and she should have a glad holiday time. Would she run down to Brighton for the week preceding Christmas? Would she go over to Paris for the New Year? Or would she prefer to spend both Christmas and New Year among the evergreens of her English home, with visits to neighboring friends, and much excitement about the decoration of the church, and a pleased satisfaction in giving away port wine and flannels to the properly pious poor? Anyhow, he would share in her holiday. He would ride with her, drive with her, walk with her; he would shoot Lord Willowby's rabbits, and have luncheon at the Hall; in the evening, in the warm, hushed room, she would play for him while he smoked, or they would have confidential chatting over the appearance, and circumstances, and dispositions of their friends. What had this tender and beautiful child to do with politics? She herself had shown him what was her true sphere; he would not have that shy and sensitive conscience, that proud, pure spirit, hardened by rude associations. It is true, Balfour had a goodly bundle of papers, reports, and blue-books in his bag. But that was merely for form's sake—a precaution, perhaps, against his having to spend a solitary half-hour after she had gone to bed at nights. There could be no harm, for example, in his putting into shape, for further use, the notes he had made down in Somersetshire, just as occasion offered. But he would not seek the occasion.

And all things combined to make this reunion with his wife a happy one. It was a pleasant omen that, whereas he had left London in a cold grey fog, no sooner had he got away from the great town than he found the country shining in clear sunlight. Snow had fallen over-night; but while the snow in Buckingham Palace Road was trampled into brown mud, here it lay with a soft, white lustre on the silent fields, and the hedges, and the woods. Surely it was only a bridal robe that nature wore on this beautiful morning—a half-transparent robe of pearly white, that caught here and there a pale tint of blue from the clear skies overhead. He had a whole bundle of weekly newspapers, illustrated and otherwise, in the carriage with him, but he never thought of reading. And though the wind was cold, he let it blow freely through the open windows; this was better than hunting through the rookeries of London.

He caught sight of her just as the train was slowing into the station. She was seated high in the phaeton that stood in the roadway, and she was eagerly looking out for him. Her face was flushed a rose-red with the brisk driving through the keen wind; the sunlight touched the firmly-braided masses of her hair and the delicate oval of her cheek; and as he went out of the station-house into the road, the beautiful, tender, grey-blue eyes were lit up by such a smile of gladness as ought to have been sufficient welcome to him.

"Well, old Syllabus," said he, "how have you been? Crying your eyes out?"

"Oh, no; not at all," she said, seriously. "I have been very busy. You will see what I have been doing. And what did you mean by sending the servants down again?"

"I did not want to have you starve, while I had the club to fall back on. Where the——"

But at this moment the groom appeared, with the packages he had been sent for. Balfour got up beside his wife, and she was about to drive off, when they were accosted by a gentlemanly-looking man who had come out of the station.

"I beg your pardon—Mr. Balfour, I believe?"

"That is my name."

"I beg your pardon, I am sure; but I have an appointment with Lord Willowby—and—and I can't get a fly here——"

"Oh, I'll drive you over," said Balfour, for he happened to be in an excellent humor: had he not been, he would probably have told the stranger where to get a fly.

at the village. The stranger got in behind. Perhaps Lady Sylvia would, in other circumstances, have entered into conversation with a gentleman who was a friend of her father's; but there was a primness about his whiskers, and a certain something about his dress and manner, that spoke of the City, and of course she could not tell whether his visit was one of courtesy or of commerce. She continued to talk to her husband, so that neither of the two people behind could overhear.

And Balfour had not the slightest consciousness of caution or restraint in talking to this bright and beautiful young wife of his. It seemed to him quite natural now that he should cease to bother this loving and sensitive companion of his about his anxieties and commonplace labors. He chatted to her about their favorite horses and dogs; he heard what pheasants had been shot in Uphill Wood the day before; he was told what invitations to dinner awaited his assent; and all the while they were cheerfully whirling through the keen, exhilarating air, crossing the broad bars of sunlight on the glittering road, and startling the blackbirds in the hedges, that shook down the powdery snow as they darted into the dense holly-trees.

"You have not told me," said Lady Sylvia, in a somewhat measured tone, though he did not notice that, "whether your visit to Englebury was successful."

"Oh," said he, carelessly, "that was of no importance. Nothing was to be done then. It will be time enough to think of Englebury when the general election comes near."

Instead of Englebury, he began to talk to her about Brighton. He thought they might drop down there for a week before Christmas. He began to tell her of all the people whom he knew who happened to be at Brighton at the moment; it would be a pleasant variety for her; she would meet some charming people.

"No, thank you, Hugh," she said, somewhat coldly; "I don't think I will go down to Brighton at present. But I think you ought to go."

"I?" said he, with a stare of amazement.

"Yes; these people might be of use to you. If a general election is coming on, you cannot tell what influence they might be able to give you."

"My dear child," said he, fairly astonished that she should speak in this hard tone about certain quite innocent people in Brighton, "I don't want to see those

people because they might be of use to me. I wanted you to go down to Brighton merely to please you."

"Thank you, I don't think I can go down to Brighton."

"Why?"

"Because I cannot leave papa at present," she said.

"What's the matter with him?" said Balfour, getting from mystery to mystery.

"I cannot tell you now," she said, in a low voice. "But I don't wish to leave the Lilacs, so long as he is at the Hall; and he has been going very little up to London of late."

"Very well; all right," said Balfour, cheerfully. "If you prefer the Lilacs to Brighton, so do I. I thought it might be a change for you—that was all."

But why should she seem annoyed because he had proposed to take her down to Brighton? And why should she speak despitely of a number of friends who would have given her a most hearty welcome? Surely all these people could not be in league with the British House of Commons to rob her of her husband.

In any case, Balfour took no heed of these passing fancies of hers. He had registered a mental vow to the effect that, whenever he could not quite understand her, or whenever her wishes clashed with his, he would show an unflinching consideration and kindness towards this tender soul who had, placed her whole life in his hands. But that consideration was about to be put to the test of a sharp strain. With some hesitation she informed him, as they drove up to the Hall, that her uncle and aunt were staying there for a day or two. Very well; there was no objection to that. If he had to shake hands with Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe, was there not soap and water at the Lilacs? But Lady Sylvia proceeded to say, with still greater diffidence, that probably they would be down again in about ten days. They had been in the habit of spending Christmas at the Hall; and Johnny and Honoria had come too; so that it was a sort of annual family party. Very well; he had no objection to that either. It was no concern of his where Major Blythe ate his Christmas dinner. But when Lady Sylvia went on to explain—with increasing hesitation—that herself and her husband would be expected to be of this Christmas gathering, Mr. Balfour mentally made use of a phrase which was highly improper. She did not hear it, of course. They drove up to the Hall in silence; and when they got into

the house, Balfour shook hands with Major Blythe with all apparent good-nature.

Lord Willowby had wished the stranger to follow him into the library. In a few moments he returned to the drawing-room. He was obviously greatly disturbed.

"You must excuse me, Sylvia; I cannot possibly go over with you to lunch. I have some business which will detain me half an hour at least—perhaps more. But your uncle and aunt can go with you."

That was the first Balfour had heard of Major Blythe and his wife having been invited to lunch at his house; but had he not sworn to be grandly considerate? He said nothing. Lady Sylvia turned to her two relatives. Now, had Lord Willowby been going over to the Lilacs, his brother might have ventured to accompany him; but Major Blythe scarcely liked the notion of thrusting his head into that lion's den all by himself.

"My dear," said the doughty warrior to his wife, "I think we will leave the young folks to themselves for to-day—if they will kindly excuse us. You know I promised to walk over and see that mare at the farm."

Balfour said nothing at all. He was quite content when he got into the phaeton, his wife once more taking the reins. He bade good-by to Willowby Hall without any pathetic tremor in his voice.

"Hugh," said Lady Sylvia, somewhat timidly, "I think you are prejudiced against my uncle—I am very sorry—"

"I don't look on your uncle," said Balfour, with much coolness, "as being at all necessary to my existence; and I am sure I am not necessary to his. We each of us can get on pretty well without the other."

"But it is dreadful to have members of one family in—in a position of antagonism or dislike to each other," she ventured to say, with her heart beating a trifle more rapidly.

"Well, yes," he said, cheerfully, "I suppose Major Blythe and I are members of the same family, as we are all descended from Adam. If that is what you mean, I admit the relationship; but not

otherwise. Come, Sylvia, let's talk about something else. Have you seen the Von Rosens lately?"

For an instant she hesitated, eager, disappointed, and wistful; but she pulled her courage together, and answered with seeming good-will.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Mr. Von Rosen called yesterday. And the strangest thing has happened. An uncle of his wife has just died in some distant place in America, and has left a large amount of property to Mrs. Von Rosen, on condition she goes out there some time next year, and remains for a year at the house that has been left her. And she is not to take her children with her. Mr. Von Rosen declares she won't go. She won't leave her children for a whole year. They want her to go and live in some desert place just below the Rocky Mountains."

"A desert!" he cried. "Why, don't you know that the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains has been my ideal harbor of refuge, whenever I thought of the two worst chances that can befall one? If I were suddenly made a pauper, I should go out there and get a homestead free from the government, and try my hand at building up my own fortunes. Or if I were suddenly to break down in health, I should make immediately for the high plains of Colorado, where the air is like champagne; and I would become a stock-raiser and a mighty hunter in spite of all the bronchitis or consumption that could attack you. Why, I know a lot of fellows out there now—they live the rudest life all day long—riding about the plains to look after their herds, making hunting excursions up into the mountains, and so forth; and in the evening they put on dress coats to dinner, and have music, and try to make themselves believe they are in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. Who told her it was a desert?"

"I suppose it would be a desert to her without her children," said Lady Sylvia, simply.

"Then we will go over after lunch and reason with that mad creature," said he. "The notion of throwing away a fortune because she won't go out and live in that splendid climate for a single year!"